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SUN SET AT MIDDAY

(Memoir)

BY
Mohiuddin Chaudhry



QIRTAS

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DEDICATION

IN MEMORY OF NARGIS
TANEEM'S MOTHER
A SYMBOL OF SACRIFICE
&
DEVOTION

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Publisher's Note

Books are written, research work is done on, awards and titles are given to the top-most leaders and main characters of any historical achievement. But who cares for those millions of people who are the real source of power and who by shedding blood and facing odds and difficulties of life make the hands of the leaders strong.

No doubt, Pakistan Army, patriot Political parties played important historical role to save the integrity of Pakistan in the crucial year of 1971. History will be written about the leaders of national level. But, perhaps time has come to write and Publish a few words about those who leave this world unwept and unsung.

Mr. Mohiuddin Chaudhury was a District level leader of a political party and Peace Committee. He left Bangladesh and reached Pakistan in the month of May, 1972 when the Bangalees in Pakistan opted for Bangladesh.

His eldest son Taneem Mohiuddin Chaudhury was only two years old when he reached Pakistan with his mother Nargis who sacrificed all sorts of comfort for her husband, children and Pakistan.

Mr. Chaudhury expressed his feelings in the form of a book and we are very much proud of having the opportunity of publishing the book and thereby to bring to the readers the story of a warrior, out of millions of this kind, who should be remembered by age and history.

SAJJAD ZAHEER
CHAIRMAN,
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PREFACE

On the very night of Taneem's burial I was sitting along with some of mourning friends and replying to their questions about our Hijrat from Bangladesh. Prof. Dr. Tahir Masood, my close door neighbour suggested me to jot down the story in the form of a book. He is a short story writer and a literary critic. In those moments of emotion I agreed.

I know my short comings and quite aware of poor vocabulary of English Language, inspite of that I ventured. I am grateful to " QIRTAS PUBLICATIONS" for accepting this humble contribution and taking the risk of publishing it, knowing the situation a book faces in this age of electronic media.

I am also grateful to Sana Zaheer for taking trouble and composing it in her own Computer.

I express my heartfelt gratitude and thanks to Amer Rajput, Mahmud Riaz, Mahmud Ahmed Khan Mumtaz Hashmi, Rehan Arif, Shujaat, Asim Beg and Prof. Dr. Tahir Masood for encouraging me to write this book.

I am grateful to my present wife Asmet Ara who shared my happiness and sorrows with a bold heart and encouraged me to continue my literary work.

May Allah give all of them proper reward.

Mohiuddin Chaudhury
(C-87, Staff Town,
Karachi University)

I was sweeping the dirty mat that was spread on the lawn, two other boys were busy in collecting the dry leaves. A boy was standing and merrily teasing the busy two boys. My own sons were not present at this moment. My eldest son Taneem Chaudhury went on picnic near Thatta nearly 140 kilometres from Karachi. My second son Talha Chaudhury went to offer Namaz-e-asr. He did not return till then. My third son Taha Chaudhury went to Haidri, an important business center of Karachi for dealing of a motor cycle. Three other sons Ahmed Chaudhury, Tahir Chaudhury and Taimur Chaudhury were playing in a nearby ground.

It was about 10 minutes to six P.M. After a few minutes a programme was to be started. I am associated with a social organization named Al Khidmat. Before the celebration of Eid-ul-Azha a prize distribution ceremony is being held each year to give prize to those workers who take part in collection of animal skin. On this day of Sunday, March 22, 1998 at about six P.M. I was busy for the management of such a programme.

Suddenly four gentlemen entered through the gate. One

was Janab Muhammad Arif. He is my neighbour and father of one of the bosom friends of my Taneem, whose name is Rehan Arif. Three other persons were completely unknown to me. I was a bit embarrassed, how could I entertain them when I have to be busy with the workers. However, I bade them salam and said, "Please don't mind, I am a bit busy."

"No matter" was the reply of Arif Sahib. All of them came close to me and remained silent. "Is there anything wrong?" I inquired.

"No. Nothing of the sort" said Arif Sahib. After a pause of a second Arif Sahib asked "Do you know that some of the boys of Campus went for Picnic?"

'Yes' was my reply. He kept silent. "What happened?" I asked.

'There happened an accident' he replied. The boys who were busy for this and that assembled around us. In reply to my question one of three who was unknown to me said, "a serious type of accident took place."

'Is there any death case?'

He replied 'yes'.

'How many?'

'Three', the reply was short. Now I asked, 'Is there Taneem among them?'

"Yes probably he is among them."

My next question was 'Where is his dead body?'

"That is in the Edhi Ambulance."

"And where is the ambulance?"

'That is on the road behind your house, please come and

identify him.' I pronounced, "Inna lillahe wa-innaelaihe Rajeun", verily we are at service of Allah and we have to return to him.

I did not enter my bed room where my wife was sitting. I did not look at the faces of my sons who by this time gathered beside me. I went direct to the ambulance and tried to see the face of my son Taneem. I saw him lying straight on a stretcher. Someone opened the driver's door and told me to see and recognize the face of Taneem. It was his, there was no doubt that the dead body that was in the ambulance was of none but my Taneem's.

The ambulance took start Reached my drive-way. I followed. Some young men of my locality and Taneem's another bosom friend Amer Rajput carried the stretcher to the Drawing room. Talha bought hurriedly a couch that was kept idle in the backyard and spread on the carpet. Taneem's deadbody was kept and covered with a snow white chadar. By this time the news spread like fire in the campus. A few women and girls gathered in our house and tried their best to give consolation to Ismat (my wife) and Asma (my daughter-in-law).

The call for Namaz-e-Maghrib came from Masjid. I asked Ahmed to offer his Prayer standing by the side of the deadbody of his eldest brother and left for Masjid. Some of my friends who gathered on hearing the sad news, followed me to Masjid. I stepped forward as usual, quite

normal as if nothing happened, no sorrowful incident took place.

I performed Namaz and came back direct to my house. Prof. Dr. Abdul Shaheed, one of my closest friends on the campus who shared my happiness and sorrows for the last twenty years accompanied me. We entered the premises. Then and there we discussed about the burial of Taneem's dead body. According to Rasullullah's instruction I decided to bury at the earliest. So it was decided that Namaz-e-Janaza should be performed at 9.30 P.M. at the park of Masjid-e-Rahman. Both the masjid and the park has been built and grown on my own initiative. Taneem used to perform daily Namaz in this Masjid and for the park and garden he contributed Rupees one thousand cash from his own earning. Before fifteen days of his death he helped me in buying, carrying and unloading thirty rose plants for this park. The plants had been planted in his life time and started flowering by this time.

During the last forty years I did not spend a single day or night when I did not think of death, an inevitable truth of life. Several times I thought if any one of my sons dies in my life time I shall lead the Namz-e-Janaza. I shall talk to lord of the universe, who is also my lord and creator, should I not talk to him, appeal to him beseech him at this critical moment of my life!. Obviously I should. So the moment I fixed the time for Namaz-e-Janaza I decided that I should lead the Namaz.

Amer Rajput, Prof. Abdul Sami, family name Munawar, Sadeq, Zaheer Qadri, Hafez Haris, Munawar Chaudhary, Majed Taffimi, Prof. Jamil and some other men rushed to the spot with heavy heart. They went to the graveyard for digging the grave. They went to the nearby Madrasah to bring slabs and Janab Wazir Ali Muazzin of Madrasah - Masjid to bathe Taneem (to give Ghosl-e-Janaza.).

Prof. Dr. Ejaz Ahmed, Campus Officer without whose permission grave could not be dug, came personally to meet me at my house. He gave instructions to the concerned persons then and there to do the needful as early

as possible. Without letting me know Prof. Dr. Abdul Shaheed left for bringing Kafan. He used his personal car for this purpose. He had to go to the city as Kaffan is not available anywhere on the campus. Prof. Shaheed made the payment of Kafan from his own. Inspite of my earnest request he did not take the money he spent for this, in reply to my request he said "Taneem is my nephew, how can I take money for such a trifling expenditure, I shall never take the money." Even at that moment of sorrowness and grief my heart filled with joy for such an act of kindness and sympathy. I am unable to express my sense of gratitude towards him. Allah will surely reward him. Majed Taffimee went for bringing slabs from a nearby brick field, these were used. Malik Ishtiaq also brought slabs which could not be utilized.

My third son Taha Chaudhury was absent from home since 3.00 PM. It was in the knowledge of Forqan and Rezwan that he went to Haidri for purchasing a motor cycle. Beyond my knowledge both of them went sharp to the site which is about 20 kilometers away from campus. They brought Taha from that place. I came to learn this after two or three days.

Wazir Ali sahib who does not take any remuneration for bathing dead body, bathed Taneem, Malik Iftikhar Ahmed my son in law, Talha and Taha my two sons helped in bathing him. I personally filled the tub with hot water. Mrs. Alimudin Qadri, the most bosom friend of my wife sewed

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the coffin-uniform with her own hand. Asma, my daughter-in-law, took the entire responsibility of house hold affairs.

When Saima, my only daughter and her husband Malik Iftikhar Ahmed could not be contacted on telephone Talha went to pick up them from their house. Desperately he went to Saima's father in law's house, but they were not there. He then went to their own house situated near Quaid-e-Azam International Airport. Many thanks to Talha. Despite the fact that he was overwhelmed with deep sorrows on the sudden death of his immediate elder brother he dared to drive all the way. On his way back while driving he had lost his control over the steering wheel for a moment, Allah saved him.

When Malik Iftikhar and Saima entered my drawing room with tears they found me sitting keeping my head on Taneem's head. I embraced Iftikhar, kissed the head of my daughter and gave them consolation for accepting the will of Allah gladly. They then entered the family room where their mother was weeping and weeping.

I gave to Asem, my neighbour and bosom friend of Taneem few numbers of phone to inform some of Taneem's friends and mine. He did the same very swiftly. I got some other calls for telling exact time of Namaz-e-Janaza. Within a few minutes my house, the entire lawn, the street in front of my house was filled with people. It was the first unique

case that at such a short period and short notice a great number of people from different parts of the city and the campus gathered for offering the funeral prayer.

Prof. Dr. Zafar H. Zaidi, Vice Chancellor, Karachi University, Mr. Tariq Mahmud Registrar, Karachi University, the controller of examinations; the deputy Registrars; other officials; the employees; the office bearers of Karachi University Teachers Society, the officers of 'The News', Taneem's colleagues and friends, 'Jamaat-e-Islami' leaders, almost the entire male population of the campus attended the Namaz-e-Janaza. There came Mamtaz Hashmi Taneem's childhood friend, Shujaat, Rehan, Zafar, Mahmud Khan, Mahmud Riaz, Haris, brother of Shaheed Amer Saeed, a member of Islamic Jamiat Tolaba, from Islamabad. There came Janab Advocate Neamatullah Khan, Ameer, Jamat-e-Islami, Karachi, Seikh Rafiq Ahmed, Secretary, Jamat-e-Islami, Karachi.

Janab Hussain Asghar, Nazim, Islami Jamiat-e- Talaba. Karachi University informed several persons on phone about the incident and personally came to attend the prayer along with several number of workers. Prof. Dr. Syed Abdul Rahman, Prof. Zakaria Sajid, Chaudhury Abdul Rahim, Mr. Omar, Ex-Director Civil Aviation Karachi. Mr. Abdul Wase, M.B.A. (PICIC), Mr. Muslim Ali, Research officer PICIC and other important personalities came from different parts of the city. Most of the resident of Campus young or old teachers or employees attended

the prayer and followed the funeral procession upto the graveyard. According to Prof. Dr. Abdul Shaheed more than two thousand persons attended the prayer.

There came Shireen my adopted sister, Rabia my adopted niece, there came Munni, Sunni my adopted daughter, and there also came Mrs. Wase, Dr. Shaukat And his wife Gulshan Ara Syed, a popular songstress of Pakistan.

The coffin was ready, Malik Iftexhar Ahmed announced with choking voice that if any body wanted to see the face of Taneem for the last time he could do so. The women who gathered inside the house were interested to see their loving nephew's smiling face. Later on, I came to know the name of a few of them. They were Dr. Nigar, Mrs. Rahmat, Mrs. Alimuddin Qadri, Mrs. Malik Fateh Muhammad, Mrs. Ishtiaq, Ms. Faruque, Mrs. Hafeez, my daughter in law's mother. After their turn the males took the chance and saw the smiling face of Taneem who was lying asleep.

Taneem was given the last bath in my drawing room. The dining table was shifted and the bathing coach was spread. Here in this place when I used to take my break fast and he, after finishing his breakfast got ready for office used to come and say '*Khoda Hafez*'. I used to see his departing movement and stepforwarding in a glance. Usually, he would return from office when I was sitting to coach with Ahmed, Tahir and Taimur, he would come close to me

and say salam and then shake hand with me with warmth of heart and out of deep love to his brothers enjoyed the tricky move with a great laughter, thunderous laughter Taneem's dead body was lying there as if he was in deep sleep and very soon would rise to shake hand and pay salam in a heart winning manner. I asked my twelve years old youngest son, a very good Qari to recite from the Holy Quran. He did so with his choking and weeping voice. It may be mentioned that Taimur won first and special prize for reciting from Holy Quran in a Qirat competition held under the auspices of Campus Welfare Committee on 27th of Ramazan-ul -Mubarak, 1417 Hijri.

The coffin was ready for lifting and carrying to the park that was chosen for Prayer. I took the lead. Announcing the name of the Almighty Allah I touched and carried front side right hand bar of the coffin.

We have been taught to regard and respect each other in our life time and when any one of us departs from us and starts a long journey of 'Akherat' we have to say good bye with profound honour, deep respect and hearty regard. Here lies the importance of humanity, here lies the secret of love and sympathy for our fellow being in a society that is ruled by the laws of Allah, the gracious. We have to show honour in life time, we have to show honour even after death. Some of the young men tried to take the bar from my shoulder, but I refused. Three or four of them, of course, lifted it upon their hands and thereby tried to

relieve me. Three other bars had been carried turn by turn by Taneem's friends and others.

We reached the park at 9'25 p.m. People had still been coming. Therefore, 10 minutes were given for their wazu. Mr. Islamuddin, a friend of Malik Ishtiaq Ahmed gave a short lecture on the formalities of such function. At 9'35 p.m. we started the Namaz-e-Janaza. As per my previous decision I lead the namaz. I declared and pronounced the name of the supreme Lord of universe "Allah Akbar"

Taneem's dead body was lying wrapped in white kafan under a black cloth cover in the wooden couch. I was praising the Lord, beseeching him to bestow his blessings on his Prophet "Sallallahu alahi wasallam", beseeching him to pardon the deceased male and female, to pardon Taneem, to accept his good deeds, to overlook his shortcoming, to place his soul in Elleen, to allow him to meet his real mother who died before twenty five years in Lahore.

The Namaz was over with the announcement of fourth Takbeer "Allah is great", not only great, rather the real great the real supreme. The funeral procession now started for the graveyard.

Before starting the digging of grave Sami & Salim asked me where the site should be chosen. So far I can remember now I said, please do as you wish, you will select the place that is ordained and selected by his Lord. Beyond our surprise, we found that the grave was under the shade of two Kikar trees in a comparatively high land which is very rare in the graveyard.

Malik Iftekhhar, Talha, Taha and Tauhid one of my favourite students entered the grave and lowered the dead body.

We have been asked to keep the face and body of the deceased slightly benting towards the Holy Ka'aba. Iftekhhar and Tauhid came out of the grave. Talha and Taha could not do the same as such type of work was new to them, I requested them to come out. They came out. I jumped into the grave and kept Taneem's face and body benting towards Ka'aba and said "bismillah-e-millat-e-Resulilillah" and recited "Minha khalaqnakum wa fiha nuceedukum wa minha nukhrejukum ta'ran okkhra". Some one asked me to shift the cloth from Taneem's face for the last glimpse. I saw his smiling face, I wanted to kiss his face and forehead, but prevented myself from doing so.

When I was coming out some one tried to assist me by catching my hand. I did not accept his offer, I came out on my own.

The slabs were placed. The blank places were filled with mud. Over the slabs sand was spread. Each one took part in spreading sand pronouncing the Ayat- Minha khalagnakum..... The burial work was finished. Janab Islamuddin Khan prayed to Allah and all of us. 'Ameen'-please accept, O' Our lord.

Now the turn of saying 'good bye Taneem' for ever. 'For ever' is in our wordly sense. Other wise, this is a temporary separation. We shall pass hundreds and thousands of years as if we have passed one evening or morning or we have taken a nap. And then we shall be arisen and then we shall meet each other.

We, who have gone to keep the body of Taneem in rest in the grave started moving towards our own destinations with tears and heavy hearts. Prof. Dr. Abdul Shaheed was accompanying me all the time. He offered me a lift in his car that I accepted. While taking my seat in the car I gave last glance to the grave of Taneem. Here in the car I prayed for him, prayed for those who preceded him. Who knew that just after seven days I shall have to come at the same place, in the same graveyard to keep the body of Prof. Dr. Saqib Quraishi in rest. He was not only my University colleague, rather he was a good friend, a kind hearted

well-wisher of mine and brother of another friend Prof. Dr. Asif Quraishi nowadays serving in King Saud University, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia.

We reached our home, a cosy home where we have been living since August 1985. Taneem appeared in S. S. C. Examinations and awaiting the result at that time. For the last twelve and a half years this house was the charming living house of Taneem. He spent thousands of sweet and charming mornings and evenings here. The house, its rooms, its spacious lawns were echoed with the melodious sounds of Taneem for the last several years. He spent the best part of his life here. He received his most bosom friends, chatted with them, entertained them, gossiped with them on the green lawn of this house.

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Once in a dead of night on my return from outside I saw Taneem sitting on a lawn-chair completely alone gazing at the blue sky. The night was shining due to full-moon light. The moon was diving in the western sky. Gentle breeze was blowing. There were some dazzling stars spread far and beyond the horizon. His appearance was telling that he was meditating, he was diving in the fathomless ocean of thought. He could not realize my presence. I did not like to disturb him; letting him remain in thoughtfulness I silently entered the room. It was before a few days of his death.

Now after keeping his dead body in the grave, on my return I took the same chair, in the same place and in the same direction. The coconut trees are there, the mango trees are there, the exora is there, the palm tree is still standing in the same manner raising its tall head towards the sky, the nest of the pigeons is there, even the pigeons are there as usual quite, undisturbing-but my Taneem is not there. He will never be seen on the lawn looking at the blue sky, gazing to the half moon through the branches of the coconut tree; he will not stand by the side of the pigeon nest, he will not receive his friends. He will not make

any sound of letting know his arrival. We shall no more hear the sweet sound of calling Taneem by Asim and Rehan who remained vigilant for the arrival of Taneem. These three young men's daily routine was to dine together at D-13, or at C-78, or C-87. Their main programme after day's official work was to gather and sit on the culvert near C-88 and gossip till dead of night. Due to this gossip on the culvert he became very much dear to Mr. and Mrs. Faruque, my neighbours, so much so that during an Iftar-dinner party of his friends Mumtaz, Rehan, Shujaat, Amer, Mahmud I, Mahmud II, Osman e.t.c. He got prepared sufficient quantity of sandwich by his aunt Mrs. Faruque. He was very much dear to Dr. Nigar and Miss. Malahat Kaleem Sherwani for his charming behaviour. On the sad demise of Taneem most of the ladies who came to share our sorrows and grief wept as if they had lost their own son. Once Malahat said to him "Taneem, give up your bad habit of smoking. It will crush you." He replied, "My aunt, please don't be afraid, I shall not die of smoking or T.B., I shall die of any other excuse.", How true was his foretell.

The friends who were still giving me company and trying to console me were quoting Ayat-e-Karima and declaring the majestic and exalted qualifications of Allah, the magnificent. It was about mid night. Most of the visitor-mourners left. Some of the intimate friends of Taneem and some of my relatives, both male and female remained. It is also a bare truth of life, we have to eat, we have to

sleep, we have to take rest ; we have to talk we have to be normal and formal; this is life. Tragedies and comedies go side by side, where there is cloud there is brightness of sun.

My son-in-law Malik Iftekhhar Ahmed arranged night meal. He sent his younger brother Malik Ejaz Ahmed to bring bread and meat from a hotel at Shereton, University road. He had done his job.

When most of the female visitors took leave of and there remained a few nearest relatives and sitting in a room in complete pardah, I called my wife Ismat Ara and daughter saima Afroz and met them for the first time in isolation to condole and console each other. The mental condition of a father, an affectionate mother and the dearest sister at such a time cannot be explained in any form of language. The feeling can only be felt, can never be explained, can never be postmortomed, can never be shown physically.

During the last twenty-five years from time to time. I found the occasion, so to say, I availed the opportunity of discussing with my wife and children the significance of life; ultimate object of the creation of the Universe; about the Creator and creation; about life and death; about the life after death; about the day of resurrection; about the eternal life after death.

I discussed with them how to enjoy the happy moments

of life; how to face tragic incidents; how to bear the sadness of life. My daughter Saima Afroz is an M.A. in Islamic History. She secured first class first position both in Hons. and M.A. and also received Nawab Siddique Ali Khan Gold Medal in a University Convocation. She was the member of Islami Jamiat-e-Taleba and is nowadays a member of Jamaat-e-Islami and Nazima of a Zone. She is very much soft spoken and an ocean of patience and tolerance. My wife is also related with Jamaat-e-Islami. She has got much learning on Islam. I was quite sure that they would boldly accept the reality. I was quite pleased that they did not frustrate me. There was a flow of tears in their eyes, their hearts shattered into pieces, but they did not do such thing which was against Islamic tradition. We are very much lucky and fortunate that Allah has created us in a muslim family. Most of all, we have got the opportunity of knowing the real significance of Islam through the golden literature of Syed Abul A'la Maududi, the founder of Islamic movement in the world.

We, who are the most bereaved at the sudden death of Taneem whose relation with us is that of a father, a mother, a sister and brothers have not lost our sense of obedience and submission to the will of Allah, the magnificent. We wept bitterly, we did not strike our head against the walls, we did not show any sort of impatience. Whoever came to give us consolation wept, we gave them consolation and sought their blessing for granting us patience and for-

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titude.

Herein this small assembly of my wife, daughter, son and son-in-law, daughter-in-law we again prayed to Allah for showering his ever mercy to Taneem, we then dispersed. Myself to the lawn, where male guests were waiting and my wife, daughter and daughter-in-law to the female guests.

After a while, Malik Iftikhar called me to go to the drawing room where Dastarkhan was spread. Food was served. Is it possible to dine at such a sorrowful moment? Still, I had to sit, I had to take a few morsel. I hardly took one or two morsel I got a telephone call. It was from Humna. She is the mother of one child. She was Taneem's class fellow, perhaps from the very first year Hons. She expressed her grief on the death of Taneem. I could not talk to her, my voice choked once again my eyes shed tears. This is for the first time I wept publicly, I wept on telephone, I wept while lifting morsel of food to my mouth.

At about 1'00 a.m. we went to bed. I can't say anything about others whether they could sleep or not. I slept a sound sleep. At about 4'30 a.m. I woke up. For half an hour I listened to Tilawat-e-Quran from a cassette and at 5'00 A.M. I went to the Masjid for offering Namaz-e-Fajr. After several years I called the sleeping muslims to come to salat. "Hyya alas salah, Hyya alal falah."

Our well wishers, friends and acquaintances came for several days after 22nd March, 1998 for expressing condolence. Syed Munawwar Hassan, Secretary General, Jamaat-e-Islami Pakistan came twice. Prof. Dr. Zafar. H. Zaidi, Vice Chancellor, Karachi University came thrice and honoured me sitting long hours with us. Prof. Dr. Hafiz Ehsanul Haq, Prof. Dr. Abdul Shaheed, Prof. Dr. Tafhimee, Prof. Dr. Fahimuddin, Prof. Dr. Afzal Kazmi, Dr. Tahir Masood, Prof. Parvaiz Akhter Siddiqui, Prof. Dr. Akhter Saeed Siddiqui, Col. Tahir, my masjid fellow, Prof. Shamim Hashmi, Prof. Muhammad Siddiquee, Prof. Syed Matinur Rahman Murtaza, Dr. Nigar, Dr. Farida, Prof. Malahat Kalim Sherwani, Mrs. Alimuddin Qadri, Mrs. Arif, Mrs. Raees, Mrs. Rahmat, Mrs. Ehsan, Mrs. Tahir Masood, Mr. Zubair and several other bereaved personalities came more than twice to share our grief and sorrows. Prof. Dr. Tahira Siddiquee, Dean faculty of arts, came along with her husband and daughter, Prof. Dr. Kalim-ur-Rahman (Rtd.) ex-Dean, faculty of arts took the trouble of coming from city to condole. Prof. Dr. Javed Husain was out of campus. The moment he arrived the campus he along with Mrs. Javed came to see me. Came Mr. Yunus Khan, the Director of finance, Karachi Uni-

versity and Prof. Dr. Ansar Husain Qizilbash and Mrs. Qizilbash.

There were some others who came to my department to express their condolence. They went to my house, but on hearing that I was in the department they very kindly took the trouble to come to my department. I can remember the names of Prof. Abdul Ghafoor Ahmed, Vice-President, Jamaat-e-Islami, Pakistan, Prof. Tanveer Khalid, Mrs. Zakia Sultana, Prof. Jalal Haider, Prof. Nisar Ahmed, Prof. Fateh Mohammad Dean faculty of Islamic Learning, Prof. Dr. Akhter Saeed Siddiquee, Dr. Fazal, Prof. Tanveer, Prof. Siddiquee, Dr. Muhammad Ahmed Qadri, Prof. Mateen, M. Shakeel Siddiqui of Islamic History, Prof. Bari and some others whose names I cannot remember now, while embracing me wept so bitterly as if they had lost their own son. I shall never forget their love and sympathy they cherish in their heart for me and my children.

Inspite of old age and ill health Maulana Abdul Rashid Nomani, a renowned Sheikh-ul-Hadith of Pakistan came to express his condolence. Along with him there were several other intellectuals of Karachi University, Mr. Ariful Huq Arif, a veteran journalist related with Jang Karachi, Janab Salim ud din Ahmed, a leader of Karachi Jamaat-e-Islami, Janab Shakil Ahmed of Gulshan-e-Iqbal came twice to meet and give consolation.

Prof. Dr. Manzur Ahmed, ex Dean, Faculty of Arts, Karachi university and ex-Vice Chancellor, Hamdard University, Karachi came along with our bhabi sahiba. He is the only person who, while embracing me on the day of Eid-ul-azha just after fourteen days of Taneem's death said, "This is the first Eid you are celebrating without your son." I gazed at him and simply said, "Yes, Dr. Sahib." His eyes filled with tears.

Prof. Dr. Nazim Hussain Zaidi, a prominent Mathematician of Pakistan, a leader of Karachi University Teachers Society of sixties and seventies, nowadays suffering from paralysis had come taking much trouble along with our Bhabi Sahiba, Mrs. Shaista Zaidi, who is also a professor of Mathematics of Karachi University.

Dr. Zafar Iqbal of Urdu department came along with his wife who is a medical doctor and a leader of Islamic Doctors Association, Karachi. Maj. (Rtd) Dr. Ghayoor Chughtai, Mr. Munir Faruqi ex-Deputy Controller of Examinations, Karachi University Prof. Zakaria Sajid, ex-chairman and Professor of Mass Communication and a large number of well wishers including both male and female Jamaat and Jamiat-e-Talebat and Jamiat-e-Tolba came for several days consecutively to take share of our sorrows. Col. Zafar Iqbal of Bhitai Rangers gave his pleasing company in three consecutive evenings. His very name reminded me the name and appearance of Lt. Col. Zafar Iqbal Chaudhary, a sub Martial Law Administrator,

Noakhali in 1969-70 who became Brigadier later on .Dr. Moonis, son-in-law of my friend and well wisher Prof. Zakaria Sajid came along with his wife.

In the morning of Eid day, just after Namaz-e-Eidul Azha Prof. Dr. Zafar. H. Zaidi, Vice Chancellor of Karachi University, was very much gracious to come to my house to share my sorrows and happiness. With the similar feelings came Prof. Dr. Syed Rizwan Ali Rizvi, Rtd. and ex-Chairman, Dept. of Political science, Karachi University and his son Syed Mansur Ali, Prof. Dr. Afzal Kazmi, President, Karachi University Teachers Society, Prof. Parwez Akhter Siddiquee, member, Syndicate, K.U., Prof. Dr. Fahimuddin, President, Tanzim-e-Asataza, Karachi University, Prof. Dr. Junaid Saghir Siddiqi, Secretary, Tanzim-e-Asataza, K.U. There was a constant flow of visitors for ten days starting from the date of Taneem's death. It is impossible for me to mention their names one by one. I pray for them. May Allah give them proper reward for this.

Islam is the only source of peace and happiness both in this world and Akherat. We, the muslims are really lucky and fortunate . we have surrendered to the lord of the universe and in return ,he has granted us peace of mind , peace in the society ,love and affection amongst us and eternal safety from severe punishment in Akherat- such a punishment that cannot be conceived in our mind. According to Islam, we owe some duties and responsibilities to our relatives, kith and kin, to our neighbours and other members of our society, and similar priviledge from them. We have been taught that worst type of man is he from whose tongue and hand his neighbour is not safe. We have been asked by Rasul Allah sallallahu alaihi wasallam to be gentle and polite to our neighbours, to send a portion of day to day food, no matter how ordinary it is (may be soup of hoof) to visit him if he is sick, to give him loan if he is needy, to follow his funeral procession to the graveyard; not to tease him, not to hurt him, not to play with his honour and prestige. He said, 'Don't throw the skin of fruit on the road of your neighbour's house if you are not in a position to give him some part, lest his children see it and feel the pain in mind (or as said by Holy Prophet P.B.U.H.)

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We have seen it from our child hood that whenever there occurred any death, the neighbours friends and relatives send necessary quantity of food for the bereaved family. Sometimes several families send so much food at a time that it becomes surplus and for saving it from wastage has to be distributed among the needy or those with whom the family has informal relation.

This very thing happened with me. Dr. Nigar, Dr. Tahir Masood, Prof. Dr. Hafiz Ehsan ul Haq, Mrs. Raees, Mrs. Alimuddin Qadri, Mrs. Arif, Mrs. Rahmat, Mr. Muslim Ali, Janab Muhammad Nasim, Prof. Hesamuddin Mansuri, Janab Sufi Yunus, Mr. Munir Ahmed Khan, my brother-in-law, Mrs. Hafeez, mother of Asma, my daughter-in-law brought breakfast, meals for mid day and night so much in quantity that we had to distribute that among some needy families and friends.

Dr. Nigar is an Assistant Professor in the deptt. of Islamic History, Karachi University. Her husband is well placed in Saudi French Bank in Saudi Arabia. She has a female cook, a washer and a female petty worker for serving her at home. On this occasion, she had personally prepared breakfast and one night meal for thirty persons personally in her own hand and carried personally to my house that is at quite a distance. I fell from the blue when I saw the bowl in her hand while carrying to my kitchen. She engaged her daughters Sana and Sadia and son Saud to carry the bowls and dishes upto my home and then kitchen.

I received a number of telephonic condolence messages from Islamabad, Lahore, Dhaka, Riyadh, Rome, Washington, Paris and Kunri, a centre or scientific research of Pakistan, and Karachi.

Dr. Iftexhar Ahmed, an affectionate father, a loving grand father, who did never see Taneem, rang twice; once I was not present at home. I got the message through Saima. He could not talk clearly due to weeping and choking voice. Second time I was available and personally attended the phone. This time he could not talk normally due to choking voice and weeping. He is more than seventy two years old and affectionate father of Dr. Nigar.

I received a telephonic message from Mr. Sajjad Zaheer from Riyadh. He rang to his wife, got my number and then again rang me. Prof. Dr. Asif Quraishi sent his condolence message through E-mail Prof. Dr. Abdul Rauf very kindly brought the mail personally at my home.

Prof. Quraishi's message is as follows:

Dear Dr. Rauf Sahib,

Thursday, 26 March, 1998

Assalamualaikum.

Sajjad Zaheer informed about the tragic death of Taneem. I was really shocked to learn about it. This morning I tried to contact Chaudhary Sahib on phone but there was no reply. I think, his telephone No. with me may not be correct. I have this No. 4992096. Please correct me if his telephone No. is wrong. Perhaps, Shahid's E-mail is not working. Therefore I am giving you this trouble. Please convey mine and my family's sentiments to him. Taneem was a very good boy. He had a very nice mind. He was a writer and a poet. He was very beautiful. No doubt, he is a shaheed. One day we all have to depart. It is a matter of time. Inshallah, in the hereafter Allah will join us at good place.

With best regards.

Wassalam.

Asif.

Dr. Asif Qureshi is a Professor of Mathematics in King Saud University, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. He is a mathematician of International level. He is the Amir of Tahrir-e-Islami, Saudi Arabia.

Prof. Dr. G. R. Niaz wrote from King Abdul Aziz University, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia in the following words:

My dear Mohiuddin Sahib,
Assalamualaikum,

I was terribly sorry to read the sad news about your son in the local news papers here. Please accept my hearty condolences, sympathy and solace for the same. I was really shocked to read the sad news. I can very well understand your feelings of sorrow and grief. I think we are committed to loose one another. I also pray for the departed soul. May Allah grant him mercy and may his soul rest in peace. Please convey my condolences to the family.

Regards.

Yours sincerely,

G. R. Niaz.

Prof. Dr. Niaz is now adays a Professor of Marine Science, King Abdul Aziz University. He was a professor and a chair man of Applied Chemistry, Karachi University. Whenever he comes in Pakistan he pays visit to us. Always in smiling face, he possesses a charming and heart winning personality.

Mohammad Mazhar-ul-Islam, Principal Engineer, NESPAK and my brother-in-law wrote:

27-3-1998

Respected Brother,

Assalamualaikum. Hope that you are quite well by the

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grace of Allah. Very much shocked to learn the sad news of Taneem's sudden death. May Allah grant him Jannatul Firdous and enable you to bear sorrows with fortitude.

Your brother,
Mazhar.

A similar condolence message I received from Engineer Muhammad Farooq, my youngest brother-in-law. Mr. Mazhar and Mr. Farooq are not real uncles of Taneem; but Taneem's behaviour to them was very sweet, hearty and respectful that both of them loved him more than they loved their real nephews Talha, Taha and others.

Muhtram Shahid Hashmi, Chief Executive of Jassarat, Karachi and Director, Islamic Reassert Academy, Karachi was in those days in Tripoli on a tour. On 23 March on hearing the news from Mr. Rasheed, his younger brother he contacted me on phone then and there from Tripoli. He talked to me for about six minutes; while expressing his condolence he could not speak freely, his voice choked and he was weeping. On his return from Tripoli on 30th March at night he came to my house direct from the airport. Embracing me he wept and wept. He was telling again and again, 'Taneem was dearest to me, I loved him as I loved Mumtaz (his real brother).'

I am really fortunate that inspite of Qazi Saheb's pre-occupations both in Pakistan and abroad he found time to

write me a letter expressing his sadness and concern for Taneem and me and my family members.

After the first meeting with me on this occasion Syed Munawwar Hasan left for Lahore. On his arrival in Lahore Jamaat Head Quarter he wrote me a letter giving me consolation and solace.

Maj. (Rtd) Sulaiman of Comilla, Akhaura, Bangladesh; now in Islamabad as a big businessman and Prof. Lutfur Rehman Faruqi of Kamganj, Noakhali, Bangladesh, nowadays an Asst. Prof. Dawah Academy, International Islamic University, wrote a condolence letters.

I received condolence message on phone from Mr. Qamruddin, Mr. Mohiuddin, Mr. salim, Mr. Naeem, Mr. Masum and my mother-in-law in Dhaka, Paris, Rome, Washington and respectively. They are the real maternal uncles of Taneem.

I received letters from my mother, elder brother Chaudhry A. K. M. Sharafuddin, a land lord and Asst. Head master, Hajirhat Millat Academy, Ramgati, Lakshmipur and my affectionate nieces Nasreen, Shapna, Lipi and grand daughters Lizi and Mukta.

The executive Council, Karachi University Teachers Society passed a condolence resolution in its emergency meeting convened for this purpose on march 24, 1998.

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Mr. Ghulam Afzal Sarwar Khan, President, Ukhawat Group, Karachi University (an employees association) expressed condolence on his behalf and on behalf of the members of the association.

Fauzia Patel, a pen friend of Taneem of Mombay India and her mother wrote a condolence letter in a soothing and consoling language.

On 24 April Prof. Shamim Hashmi came once again. This time he was not alone. Prof. Abdul Qader Salim, a renowned Philosopher of Pakistan and Professor of Philosophy in a college of Karachi was with him.

On the evening of 26 April, 1998 Dr. Nisar Ahmed relative of Late Muhtram Khurram Murad, Vice-president, Jamaat-e-Islami, Pakistan came along with his wife and son.

Prof. Dr. Syed Humayun of Political Science Department, K.U. comes from Bangladesh visited our house several times along with his wife, Rifat Humayun, a T.V. producer, a short story writer and a good house hold administrator. She is a double M.A. in Philosophy and Political Science and belongs from a respectable and intellectual family. Her Maternal grand father was a well known Alim-e-din of Pakistan. She is doing Ph.D. Prof. Sohail Barakati, Ex-President, K.U.T.S. Ex-member, Syndicate and a per-

sonal friend of Mine attended Namaz-e-Janaza and afterwards came several times to share my sorrows.

Janab Abdul Qadir Hasan, a renowned Columnist of Lahore came to attend a programme, Talent Award Ceremony arranged by Islami Jamiat-e-Talba, Karachi University, On hearing the sad news of Taneem's tragic death from Amer Latif, a journalist and Rukan applicant, Jamaat-e-Islami, Karachi and a born sindhi speaking from khairpur, came to see me and express condolence at my office on April 28, 1998. I am grateful to them.

Prof. Dr. Tasneem, resident of C-71, Staff Town, Karachi, Amir, Tanzeam-ul-Muslimin, Pakistan, a purely non-political Islami Movement, a well wisher of mine from head to heart, was not present at that time. He was on a Tahriki tour. After his arrival from interior Pakistan he came to know about the sad incidence from his family member. The moment he heard, he came out of home. He forgot his weariness, forgot his exhaustion. He came to my house. I was then surrounded by some other mourning friends. I got up from my seat, welcomed him, embraced him and accepted his condolence. Janab Muhammad Siddique is an Assistant Professor in the Department of Library Science, Karachi University. He bears a special view about the society and its reformation. He is the leader of an Islamic Movement, quite different from Jamaat-e-Islami. By quoting verses from Holy Quran and hadith, he is still giving me consolation and thereby served the responsibility of a real friend.

محترمی و مکرمی پروفیسر محی الدین چوہدری صاحب
صدر شعبہ بنگالی جامعہ کراچی کراچی

السلام علیکم ورحمۃ اللہ

روزنامہ جسارت کے ذریعے یہ جان کر بہت افسوس ہوا کہ آپ کے
صاحبزادے تنہیم چوہدری صاحب نسر میں ڈوب کر جاں بحق ہو گئے ہیں۔ انا للہ وانا الیہ
راجعون۔

جوان بیٹوں کا باپ ہونے کے ناطے میں آپ کے دکھ کو محسوس کرتا ہوں۔
میری دعا ہے کہ اللہ تعالیٰ ان کی مغفرت فرمائے، انہیں شہداء کے زمرے میں شامل
فرمائے اور آپ سب کو یہ صدمہ صبر جمیل کے ساتھ برداشت کرنے کی توفیق دے۔

والسلام

(قاضی حسین احمد)

Qazi Husain Ahmed, Ammer, Jamaat-e- Islami, Pakistan
and a great leader of World Islamic Movement wrote:
Ref.1207

Dated: 28-3-98

Muhtarmi wa Mukarami Prof. Mohiuddin Chaudhry Sa-
hib Chairman, Dept. of Bengali, Karachi University, Ka-
rachi .

Assalamualikum wa Rahmatullah,

I have been very much shocked to learn from daily Jasarat
that your eldest son Taneem Chaudhry had died in a ca-
nal. Innalillahe wa inna elaihe rajeuun.

I realise and feel the pangs of sorrows of a father of a
youthful son.

I pray to Almighty Allah to pardon him ,enlist him among
the Shuhada and enable all of you to bear the shock with
patience and fortitude.

Wassalam

Brother

Qazi Hussain Ahmed

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Syed Munawar Hasan, Secretary General, Jamaat-e-Islami, Pakistan wrote:

My dear brother Mohiuddin Chaudhry Sahib,
Assalamualaikum Wa Rahmatullah Wa Barakatuhu.

This is a mere incident that I was in Karachi and on a sudden information I went to meet you just for a while ;but thirst was not quenched. Visitors were coming and going and I could not talk to you up to my satisfaction ;that is why I am writing these few lines.

Allah, the Magnificent has put you and my Bhabhi sahiba in a tough test. Of course, it is also his mercy and profound kindness that He has given you the power of patience and courage. I have come to learn from others and I my self witness the fact. May Allah give you reward for this and also grant you patience and fortitude.

Brother Mohiuddin,

The reality is that each and every thing of this world is temporary; its happiness is mortal and its sorrows too. Union and get together in this world is temporary and separation as well. Whereas, every thing of this world is

eternal. There who will be granted happiness that will be eternal and who will face sorrows and pathos that will also be eternal; there's union will be permanent and separation too. So it is my prayer to Allah to unite all of us in Jannat; after which there will be no separation, nor there will be any grief and sorrow.

I hope and strongly request you to convey my salam to Bhabhi Sahiba. Again I pray to Allah to grant you courage, patience and fortitude; I also request you to remain pleased with the will of Allah so that He grants you much more patience.

May Allah, the Exalted keep you in safety and allow all of us to serve for His satisfaction.

Wassalam.
Munawar Hasan
27-3-98.

برادر عزیز و مکرم، محی الدین چوہدری!

السلام علیکم ورحمۃ اللہ وبرکاتہ

یہ محض اتفاق تھا کہ میں کراچی میں تھا اور اچانک اطلاع ملنے پر آپ سے ملاقات ہو گئی، لیکن تشنگی رہی کافی لوگ آج رہے تھے اس لئے میں زیادہ نہ بیٹھا۔ اب یہ سطور اسی خاطر لکھ رہا ہوں۔ اللہ تعالیٰ نے آپ کو لور ہماری بھائی لور جوں کو بوی سخت آزمائش سے دوچار کر دیا ہے۔ تاہم یہ بھی اسی کا کرم ہے کہ اس نے حوصلہ لور صبر سے نوازا ہے۔ میں نے لوروں سے بھی سنا تھا لور خود بھی اس کا مشاہدہ کیا اللہ تعالیٰ آپ کو بہترین اجر سے نوازے لور جس صدمہ سے آپ گزرے ہیں اس پر بہترین صبر عطا فرمائے۔ آمین۔

محی الدین بھائی! چیمبات تو یہ ہے کہ اس دنیا کی ہر شے عارضی ہے، یہاں کی خوشی بھی عارضی ہے لور غم بھی، یہاں کا ملاپ بھی وقتی ہے لور جدائی بھی، جبکہ اس جہاں کی ہر شے دائمی ہے وہاں جس کو خوشی ملی وہ بھی حتمی لور دائمی ہو گی لور جس کو غم سے دوچار ہونا پڑا وہ بھی مستقل لور دائمی ہو گا وہاں کا ملاپ بھی مستقل ہو گا لور جدائی بھی، پس اللہ تعالیٰ سے دعا ہے کہ وہ ہم سب کو وہاں اپنی جنتوں میں ملا دے، جس کے بعد نہ کوئی جدائی لور فراق ہے لور نہ کوئی غم لور ملال، آمین۔ مجھے امید ہے لور دعا بھی ہے کہ انشاء اللہ آپ کا اپنا جنتوں میں آپ کا استقبال کرے گا لور یہ صدمہ لور غم سب یہیں رہ جائے گا۔

میری طرف سے، میری بھانج کو بھی بہت بہت سلام کہئے گا اللہ تعالیٰ انہیں بخت و عافیت سے نوازے لور اللہ کے فیصلہ پر راضی رہنے کی بہترین توفیق عطا فرمائے۔ آمین۔ امید ہے بخیر ہو گئے اللہ اپنے حفظ و امان میں رکھے لور ہم سب کو اپنی رضا جوئی میں لگائے رکھے، آمین۔

والسلام

آپ کا بھائی

کراچی یونیورسٹی ٹیچرز سوسائٹی تعزیتی قرارداد

کراچی یونیورسٹی ٹیچرز سوسائٹی کی مجلس منتظمہ جناب محترم چوہدری ابو البرکات محی الدین کے بیٹے محترم الدین چوہدری کے انتقال پر گہرے رنج و غم کا اظہار کرتی ہے۔ اور دعا گو ہے کہ اللہ تعالیٰ مرحوم کو جنت الفردوس میں جگہ عنایت فرمائے۔ اور لواحقین کو صبر جمیل عطا ہو۔

محمد افضل کاظمی

صدر

انجمن اساتذہ

جامعہ کراچی

۲۲ مارچ ۹۸

انور خورشید

سیکرٹری

انجمن اساتذہ

جامعہ کراچی

۲۲ مارچ ۹۸

Taneem's eldest Paternal uncle wrote from Hajirhat, Ramgati, Lakshmi pur, Bangladesh:

Affectionate Mohi,
Accept our hearty blessings. We realise your feelings. Taneem was our blood, he was a tie of our family. We have lost him forever, we can never forget this loss. May Allah grant him Jannat and give you power to bear the sadness. We could never imagine that Taneem would leave us so early. This is a rule ordained by Allah that man will born and man will die. At the same time we shall mourn, we shall condole-this is also his will.

My dear Mohi,
Sitting at a distance of thousands of miles what can we do except offering Ghaibana Namaaz-e-Janaza and praying for him. Please have patience. Twenty six years ago his mother died of fire accident after twelve days of the celebration of Eid-ul-fitr and Taneem left us before sixteen days of celebration of Eid-ul-Azha. Both of them had gone upon accident ;one from fire accident and other drowning

in water. Both of them have received the honour of Shahadat. Taneem had proposed to marry my daughter; due to the difference of language (Taneem could not speak, read and write Bengali language as he was in Pakistan since 1972), and distance I did not agree. Now, on remembering all these petty things we feel deep shock. In this short span of your life you have faced so many tragedies, odds and troubles-this is also Allah's will. This has been destined for you. Please have patience, you will, no doubt meet him on the day of resurrection. You are fortunate that you could personally bury him, could lead his Namaaz-e-Janaaza, this is a great solace. He had to respond to call of death, otherwise, he did not know how to swim-why should he go to canal. Please give my consolation to Shampi (Taneem's only real sister's nick name), Please look upon Talha, Taha, Ahmed, Tahir, Taimur they should get your affection-let them know my affection and blessing. I shall no more get the opportunity of writing to Taneem (the last letter written by his uncle was found in his money bag which was kept in his pant's pocket that he left by the bank of the canal while stepping into water), I am writing Talha. Please tell him to write in English (because the uncle does not know Urdu and the nephew does not know Bengali) regularly. On hearing the sad death news of Taneem, mother your Bhabi and the children have been very much shocked.

To-day is the day of Eid-ul-Azha, I pray to Allah to give Taneem place in Janaat. Babur, Tariq and Rashed have

celebrated Eid at home, the daughter-in-law has celebrated Eid at her father's home, in Dhaka. We are fine. Please write every now and then.

Your Mia Bhai

A. K. M. Sharafuddin.

My niece Lipi wrote ;

Respectable (Kaka) uncle,
please accept my salam .hope that this will find you hale and hearty. I received your letter. On hearing the sad news of Taneem bhai's death we have been very much shocked.

When Taneem Bhai came to visit Bangladesh I was a student of class VI, inspite of that I can easily recollect his each and every word. He used English as a medium of conversation with Abbu but with us he tried to speak broken Bengali. On his arrival from Lakshmipur we saw him sitting at our guest house. We could not recognize him. We started laughing; moreover, we did not pay salam, for which he became a bit angry. He did not talk to us for two days Afterwards he became normal and very much pleasing.

We talked on him just one day before the receipt of your letter. Just imagine the condition of our mind and heart when we opened your letter and read the news of his death. Whenever I wrote you, I used to write Taneem Bhai also ;this time I am writing only you from this time I

shall never write him, where I put this pangs of sorrows!

On Eid day Dadu took nothing. She remained hungry throughout the day. She wept bitterly saying "My Tanu." She said, "My son is hungry. how can I take food?" She said, 'Allah has kept me alive to hear the death news of my dear ones'. (Two years before my sister, her only daughter Afroz died.)

I have given something as charity for Taneem Bhai and hoping to complete Quran Majid thoroughly once praying to give reward to Taneem Bhai. If you have any negative copy of his picture, please send. Please reply.

Your daughter
Lipi.

Nasreen-my another niece wrote;

Respectable Chacha (uncle),

Please accept my salam. We have been very much shocked to learn the sad death news of Taneem Bhai. He came to Bangladesh, left behind so many sweet memories which can never be forgotten. We see his picture in the album again and again, but thirst remains there. We cannot believe that he had left this world forever. I cannot explain in words my feeling, my sorrows, my grief.

Uncle,

We are so unfortunate that we are so far away from you; we are not present by your side to give solace to you. sitting far away from you we pray for your health and long life. Please pray for us.

Yours affectionately,
Nasreen.

Fauzia Patel, a pen friend of Taneem wrote from Mom-bay.

Dear Uncle, Aunty & all the family members,

Salam to you all from me & my whole family and please accept my grieved commiseration on the demise of your son Taneem. Allah ap sab ko sabar ata kare aur unko Jannat-ul-Firdaus mein behtarein se behtarein jagah ata karein.

Uncle, since I haven't received any letter from Taneem I thought something was wrong & I was worried too. Since I had sent an Eid card I didn't receive any letter from him.

I just received the letter & I am really shocked and my mother and sisters they all are really sad. Please aap sabar karein. Allah aap ko sabar ata karein aur aap samjhe ke Allah Tala ko aap se zyadah Taneem ki zaroorat thi, Uncle, please send me your telephone No. because I searched for the no. Taneem had sent me but I couldn't find it. I wanted to speak to you but couldn't do for not having telephone No.

Why did they go there, for some work or for a holiday, please let me know if you were there & did you go to see their body.

Uncle, I still can not believe it, are you telling the truth because Allah cannot do this, he just cannot take away good people like this. Please don't worry. Allah will take care of every thing. I still cannot believe it. Please tell aunty to take care of her self & not to worry. Mujhe pataa hai kehna asaan hai par kya karein allah ki marzi hai.

Uncle, Inshaallah whenever I come I shall definitely come to see you all but Taneem won't be there. I just wish I had wings & I could come and see you all now. Allah aap ki lambi umar karein, live longer. You are like my daddy to me. I'll be there whenever you need me. Please send me your new add. whenever it is changed. P.S. Once again I am very sorry & shocked to hear this bad news. Khudahafiz

Sincerely yours forever,
Fauzia Yakub Patel
April 4, 1998

On 21st March, 1998 at about 7 P.M. Taneem came from 'The News' a bit earlier than usual. I came from outside and stood at the door. I saw all of my children Present their mother and my daughter-in-law and also a little kid Hanzala, my grand son were also sitting. I asked Taneem whether he had taken tea or not. It is my regular habit of asking my children of their taking meal or break fast or evening tea. Since Taneem used to come after my regular tea time, I would ask him specially. In reply to my inquiry, he said 'yes'. I was satisfied and left him seeing T.V. I went to my room and kept my self busy in listening to Telawat-e-Quran.

At 7'50 P.M. I got up and again appeared on the door Taneem was lying on his back keeping his head on the knee of his mother. He was so much fond of coddle and affection and tenderness that he used to catch his, mother's right hand fingers and kept them on his head and appealed to her for giving him comfort by splitting hair. Sometimes he asked his younger brothers Ahmed, Tahir, Taimur to massage his body as he felt severe joint pains. For this work he offered Rs. 10. per head. Brothers were very much pleased to hear such type of 'tip' and 'offer'.

My presence at this time meant that the T.V. engagement should be postponed and they should proceed to Masjid. Without saying anything I disappeared. After finishing Namaaz-e-Esha I went to Afzal's store for buying some petty things.

At about 8'30 P.M. I reached home. I just reached, Taneem appeared before me. "Abbu, I am going to a picnic; I am just going", he was standing before me at a distance of 3 feet. I looked at him in wonder. Without letting me know before hand he is going. I asked him, 'where are you going?', 'Mir pur Sakru.' was the reply. Another question from my side, 'When are you going?', 'Tomorrow morning, but I shall stay at Mahmud's house at North Nazim abad, from there we shall start early in the morning.'

Whenever Taneem went on a picnic he brought fish according to his choice. In this very month of March after receiving his salary he bought six kg. fish from fishery. I told him to bring fish from Thatta. His mother came to us. Her heart full of love and affection for the children shivered. She said, 'Taneem will be tired on his return, how can he bring fish for you? Kutch khuda ka khauf karein, be afraid of Allah" don't give trouble to Taneem'.

I said 'I am not giving any trouble to your son. On his way back he can buy it from the road side.'

Previously, on such occasion Taneem's reply was positive. This time he was totally silent. Neither 'yes' nor 'no'. As if he did not at all hear us.

His mother went to the kitchen. Taneem went to the bedroom where his younger brothers have been watching T.V. Taneem put on joggers, fastened the lace, had a smart look at the mirror put on his monkey cap and looking at his brothers smiled, a pleasing smile appeared on his lips; he looked very pleasing.

I remained standing at the door and looking at him.

After getting completely ready Taneem said 'Khuda Hafiz' to me, went to the kitchen and said 'Khuda Hafiz' to his mother twice, came back to the room shook hands with the brothers and got out of the door.

It is my regular practice to go a few yards following my sons when ever they go out for a long time. This time too I followed him. On the gate he met Asem Beg, one of his bosom friends who wanted to talk to him. Taneem did not give him time. "Tomorrow I shall talk to you, I am in a hurry and going to a picnic". He stepped forward quickly. I followed him upto the corner of the street.

On such occasion when Taneem did not use his car he would ask his younger brothers Talha or Taha to give him a lift upto petrol pump-mini bus stand. This time he asked

none. Talha was not present and Taha was in his bedroom. Perhaps Taneem did not want to bother him. When I saw Taneem going on foot and he had gone a few yards ahead a thought flashed in my mind. I hurriedly came back and asked Taha to start the car and give Taneem a lift. He did accordingly. He went upto the market but did not see his brother. As if Taneem had disappeared in a moment, just like a mirage.

In front of Afzal's shop he met Asem Murad, a child hood friend. To him also Taneem said, 'I am going to a picnic, next time I shall meet you.' But the next time did not come again.

On that very night of 21st March, 1998, at about 10'30 P.M. Taneem reached Mahmud's house. The same house where he spent innumerable nights. He was an adventurous by nature; bold, courageous and enthusiastic. He joined Daily Jang as a sub-editor in one of the branches under Syed Rehan Hasan, a member and leader of Islami Jamiat-Talba and thereafter Muhtram Arif ul Huq Arif, a leading journalist of Jang while he was a student of B.A. Hons. 1st year. Those were the black days for Karachi. There were killing, abducting, looting, harassing. Even in the hands of law enforcing agencies no one was safe. Nobody knew what would happen with whom and when. There was no guarantee of returning home of any body safe and sound.

Taneem had night duty. I was very much worried for his safety and security. He would not give up Jang, and I was not in a position to help him. What could I do for his safe return at dead of night, 2 A.M. or 3 A.M. Even the scooterists and motorists were not safe from both the sides, the miscreants and the agencies.

At last, Taneem thought it wise to go to Mahmud's house at North Nazimabad and pass the remaining part of night.

Many many thanks to Mahmud, his kind hearted parents and other members of his family. I shall remain ever grateful to them. Had they not been kind and affectionate to Taneem it would never be possible to continue the service of Jang. It is not a matter of joke that somebody rings the door bell at the dead of night and gets the sleeping persons awake and they not only open the door, bear the pain and welcome the stranger with smiling face and warmth of heart. That is also, not for a night or two, for long three years. Even we get annoyed with our own sons if they come at such a dead of night. I find no words to express my sense of gratitude to the parents of Mahmud who tolerated Taneem and gave him shelter for three years.

According to pre-settled programme, Taneem and some other friends gathered in this house of Mahmud Ahmed Khan-A 302, block H, North Nazim abad. They dined there, saw T.V. programme and went to bed at about 2'30

A.M. In the morning they got up, offered morning prayer and started for picnic spot. At about 9'30 A.M. they reached Qaid abad and took break fast. After taking break fast they resumed their journey and reached Mirpur Sakro 133 Mori.

This is the picnic spot where they had gone several times earlier. The spot was fascinating to them for water, and greenery of surrounding area. The paddy fields spread upto the horizon, ripe crops and green vegetable fields attracted these town folk young men. When they reached the spot they were frustrated. The canal was dry, only a knee deep water-completely unfit for swimming, the main attraction for picnic. They sat with a gloomy mood. What to do now? Should they go back? Should they find out another spot? With this frustration they passed one and half an hour. By this time somebody suggested, 'when we have come here, and when there is no chance of getting a deep water canal, let us enjoy here, let us swim in this knee deep water. All of them agreed with the proposal. Here the acceptance of the proposal, there the action. They started wading and rolling in the water. Young men are after all young men. These are the men who are the makers of history. They change a lot of nations, they change and determine the destiny of nations. They have conquered Everest, they reached the moon, they entered into deep oceans. Who can prevent them from adventurous achievements.

This small group of eleven young men, who were working in different institutions in different capacity went to have a natural change, to remove worriness, to become fresh bodily and mentally, to start regular job with new vigour and energy.

But who knew what was written in the destiny of some of them?

They were proceeding carelessly, they were striding merrily. Some one was throwing water to some one, some one was drawing another one in the mud. Suddenly, six of them slipped into the deep well, a blind well that cannot be seen or identified from outside. Cultivators dig deep well with in the open canal and draw water to their fields through underground pipeline illegally.

Taneem and his friends could never visualise that there could at all be any such type of blind well. Two of them drowned instantly, Masud, younger brother of Mahmud Ahmed Khan in whose house Taneem spent hundreds of nights and Laiq, a friend of Mahmud and resident of the same street. Masud is a student of M.B.A. and Laiq is an employee of a Garment Factory and a father of two children, one son and one daughter.

Taneem fought for survival. He came out of deep water but the next moment he got slipped again. Mahmud Ahmed Khan, Mahmud Riaz, Wajiullah, Inam Ahmed slipped into

deep well. These four came out of deep water after serious struggle against mud, mushroom and water. Both the Mahmuds tried to rescue Taneem but failed. Mahmud drew Taneem by catching his benian-under shirt but could not draw him out of water. And Taneem drowned.

After a while, the surviving friends started crying for help. Near by there were Sindhi cultivators. They rushed to the spot and dived into the water, Two were already dead. Taneem was still breathing. They tried their best to bring him in sense. At a distance there was Rangers post. Some of them also tried to save the life of Taneem. They also failed. They sent the 'picnic party' to a medical centre that is situated at quite a distance. They arrived. Luckily the doctor was present. He tried to bring Taneem to sense but failed. After a few minutes he declared Taneem to be dead. Who can fight against destiny?

Now the responsibility of Taneem's surviving friends, their mental condition can easily be visualised, was to bring the dead bodies to Karachi. They put two bodies in the couch they took with them and Taneem's in a service couch. By this time they contacted the relatives in Karachi for ambulance. On the way they met the Edhi ambulance and got Taneem's body into it. At about 5 P.M. they reached North Nazimabad. There they handed over Masud's and Laiq's body to their parent's and relatives. and brought Taneem's body to me at 10 minutes to six when I was getting ready for a function for collecting animal skin for Al khidmat.

Allah Bachaio, messenger of Bengali Department has been with me for the last twenty year. Abdul Latif Baluch, clerk and typist has been for the last twelve years. They met Taneem several times both in my department and home. Taneem had earned their love and affection. He never treated them as a messenger or clerk, rather as his uncle.

Allah Bachaio told me that he saw Taneem in his dream. Taneem was riding a red cycle. He was coming to my department. On his way he met Allah Bachaio, got down and said ,

"Uncle hurry up, I am in a hurry, please let us go to the department," while Allah Bachaio was narrating the dream his face flashed and his eyes were dazzling. As if he was seeing Taneem in this real world. He prayed for Taneem.

My son-in-law Malik Iftkhar Ahmed also had seen Taneem in his dream several times in white dress and happy mood.

I myself saw him in dream in several situations. Once I saw him sitting on his chair that was under his use for the last several years.

Most of the bosom friends saw him in dream. Two months have elapsed since his death. Till today his, mine and Asmat's friends say that 'we cannot believe that Taneem has died. It seems to us that he has gone somewhere and will be back very soon.'

It was 1955 when I first heard the name of Jamaat-e-Islami and Syed Abul Ala Maududi. Social work was my hobby since my early boy hood. Still I remember some tragic deaths and suicides in my village that occurred due to 1942-45 famine. Still I remember bad condition of the streets and roads that were made of earth muddy, watery and unfit for walk.

I used to have consultation with one Mr. Hafizullah, a class fellow from class V to class X-regarding social, political, economic condition of our country. One day he took me to an office of Jamaat-e-Islami, situated just in front of Lakshmi pur Munsif Court. There he introduced me with a bearded gentleman with pazama and Korta (in Bengali Korta is called Punjabi). He was elder brother of Hafizullah. A young, smart, highly qualified school teacher with a smiling and charming face, he is Janab Muhammad Shafiqullah, son of a wealthy merchant and member union council, Janab Haji Roshan Ali Pandit.

Janab Shafiqullah Sahib received me cordially. Talked to me with Kindness and heartiness. When I was taking

leave of him he gave me a book "kalima tayyaba", written by Syed Maududi, Thereafter, I took several books, read and returned.

I found a sort of change in thought, in mentality, in attitude of life, in aim of life, I drew a map. I prepared a plan. According to that plan I decided to remain a mediocre student, do M.A. in Bengali and adopt education profession.

It may sound fantastic, but it is true that just for closing bright future I did M.A. in Bengali literature. Though the Bengalees and Awami League leaders cried for Bengali as a state language and there were many movements, the Bengalees did never gave respectful position to those who did not know good English.

I decided to join Jamaat-e-Islami after my education is over. In 1962 I did my M.A. and joined Jamaat-e-Islami in January, 1963 as a supporter. In those days I was a school teacher. In July, 1963 I joined Noakhali Degree College and served there till August, 1968 when I resigned from the job as I had to choose one of the two options either to maintain membership of Jamaat or serve as a Government servant, because Noakhali college was then nationalized. I resigned.

During 1963-68 I was served several notices by the Managing Committee. The D.C. who was also President of

the Committee served me notice twice on the order of Mr. Munem Khan, the tiger governor of East Pakistan. I properly replied. Now, when I think on the by-gone days I wonder why no action was taken against me. I addressed during election campaign, even in 1965 I presided over a public meeting and Sheik Mujibur Rahman was the main speaker.

My daughter Saima Afroz was born on 15th July, 1967. I kept both mother and daughter at my village home with my mother. Again, I became busy with my missionary work.

When Field Marshall General Muhammad Ayub Khan was observing his Revolutionary Decade in 1968 and billions and billions were being spent for making the propaganda a success, there started another revolution. The political parties formed PDM (Pakistan Democratic Movement) and then DAC (Democratic Action Committee).

I was elected Secretary of District PDM and then District DAC. I was selected Secretary and then elected as Amir of District Jamaat-e-Islami in 1968. I was holding the post of District Jamaat till dismemberment of East Pakistan in 1971. In 1971 when peace committee had been formed to cooperate with Pakistan Army to bring law and order in East Pakistan, I was again elected Secretary, District Peace Committee.

Quran-e-Majid and Sunnat-e-Rasul (Sallallahu alaihe wa alaihe wasallam) are the main springs of our rushd wa Hidayat. These are the basic two sources of life. These two things guide us properly to reach the real destination, and that is to earn the satisfaction of the Lord of Universe.

There are some milestones that tell us about the real way, real path to the destination. That is the life and achievement of those way farers who got their heads cut, but did not yield to the evil, to the wrong, did not leave the idea of reaching destination. Of them, two historical statements of two warriors of Islam have always encouraged me to go on with my mission, in hot and cold season, in dark and stormy nights and sunny and tornadoes days. They are Hazrat Khalid (Radiallahu anhu) bin Walid and Zahiruddin Babur, the founder of Mughal Dynasty in India. Hazrat Khalid said,

"The taste that is found sitting on a horse back in a dark, stormy and rainy dead of night awaiting for attack on enemy army is quite different than sitting in a comfortable drawing room, there is no comparison between the two".

And Babur wrote in his Babur nama :

"I could not celebrate Eid twice at the same place throughout my life".

I was not a member of a regular army. I was not the son of a king or nawab. I was and am most ordinary member of this down trodden society. What had I to do was simply earn a monthly weige, give it to my wife and take my children to school and die in obscurity. But the mission I accepted bound me to think myself. (however humblest am I) a fighter in the way of the Lord of Universe, sometimes I thought to be amongst the Badri soldiers, sometimes Tabukers. Sometimes I found my self in Panipat and some times in Deval. That is why from 1963 to 1971 I could not realize when the season of Lichi and Jackfruit and Pineapple appeared and when disappeared; when there was fine weather and when rough; when monsoon came and when gone; when the fields of East Pakistan filled with greenness and when they became withered. Making programme to go to Coxes Bazaar the lengthiest sea beach of the world, I could not materialize it; even I could not see the historical places in East Pakistan. During these years I could only once go to Ramna Park in Dhaka.

During those two thousand seven hundred and thirty five days about one thousand five hundred days of Nargis spent in her father's house. She had continuously lived with me at Noakhali Town for only three months. Even in these three months I had to leave her alone with little kid

Saima and left for Hatya, Ramgati, Sona Ghazi, Parshuram, Chagalnaya, Feni, Companiganj, Raipur, Ramganj, Lakshmipur and other distant places.

When she lived with my mother at Lakshmi pur after finishing whole day's work or coming and going to and from some place I used to stay with her at night. Next morning after taking breakfast I had resumed my journey.

When Taneem was born on 5th December, 1969 I was very much busy for Jmaat work. We had to give a tremendous fight against six points of Awami league and eleven points of student's Action committee DAC and Democratic students action committee announced eight points. Though Awami league and Students Action committee were parties to DAC they did not cooperate and in Public meetings and processions cried for six and eleven points. They did never utter a single word for eight points of DAC and that was the turning point of their separation movement.

On my return from Hatya, an island P.S of Noakhali District, surrounded by the rough and tough river Meghna, I received a telegraphic good news of the happy birth of Taneem. But I could not proceed to Dhaka Instantly. I gave programme to different units of Jamaat. According to schedule I found time for 17th to 20th December. I reached Dhaka on the morning of 18th December. I met Nargis weak, feeble, wornout. I congratulated her. She

smiled and wished for my goodluck.

I stayed there for three days. On 20th December I left her with her parents in the same financial condition, empty handed and nothing to spend for herself and Taneem.

1970 was a critical year for Pakistan, the biggest Islamic country of the world. The constitution of Pakistan, promulgated by Field Marshal General Ayub Khan in 1962 was abolished and Martial Law was imposed in the country by General Aga Muhammad Yahya Khan, Chief of the staff, Pakistan army in 1969.

He announced the date of fresh election for National Assembly and Provincial Assemblies, to act also as Constituent Assembly to give Pakistan another constitution.

DAC became ineffective just after the imposition of Martial Law. General Ayub Khan left the political scene of Pakistan as a bubble. There was no existence of Convention Muslim League. It disappeared forever. In East Pakistan Awami League was the biggest political party.

Council Muslim League, Nizam-e-Islam and some other small political parties had no root in the society. National Awami Party, Pro-Russia and Pro-Chinese had supporters and members but was not in a position to contest election. Only the top leaders Prof. Muzaffer Ahmed and Maulana Abdul Hamid Khan Bashani and a few others

could contest. Jamaat-e-Islami was the only party that could give challenge to Awami League in East Pakistan. It had man power in grass root level.

In our District Jamaat workers and District Majlis-e-Shoora decided to take part in some of the constituencies of both National and Provincial Assemblies. Janab Shafiqullah, Amir Chittagong Division Jamaat, Prof. Abdul Hay, Prof. Mushfiqur Rehman contested for N.A. and Prof. Fazle Azim, Janab Faiz Ahmed and myself contested for Provincial Assembly.

The election was to be held by December, 1970. The province became a hot bed. Sheikh Mujibur Rehman and his Associates were determined to win 100% seats. Since Jamaat-e-Islami was the only effective political party against Awami League it became the main Target of Awami League.

General Yahya Khan formulated a formula of ethics, but neither Awami League nor PPP did ever care for that Formula. In every constituency, in every polling station, in every market and bazaar of Noakhali, Awami League workers attacked on our meetings and tried to disburse the public. What they did at Pultan Maidan, Dhaka on 18th January, 1970 was repeated in every public meeting in Noakhali. Readers may kindly remember the fact that on 18th January, 1970, Jamaat arranged a public meeting at Pultan Maidan Syed Maududi had to address the peo-

ple of East Pakistan. Just after thirty minutes of the start of the proceeding thousands of hooligans of Awami League attacked the meeting. Two workers of Jamaat were killed and more than five hundred were injured. Of the two killed, one was from Noakhli and the other from Khulna.

Before election there happened a natural calamity. An all devastating cyclone and flow-tide from Bay of Bengal took more than thirty lacs of people, of whom Noakhali had a big portion. Hatya, Ramgati and southern part of Lakshmi pur, Sadar, Companiganj and Sona ghazi were seriously affected.

The President of Pakistan, the Governor of East Pakistan did not find any time in their schedule to visit this cyclone and flood effected area. Sheikh Mujibur Rehman found another plea for agitation against West Pakistan. Though it is another thing that Sheikh Mujib himself did not bother to visit the area.

Out of dozen of Central and Provincial level Political leaders only Professor Ghulam Azam, Amir, Jamaat-Islami, East Pakistan was the only leader who took the pain of visiting the affected areas, to go from one end to the other end, to meet the people and to distribute relief materials.

During this visit he had to observe Eid-ul-Fitr of that year. Muhammad Nur-ul-Islam, the then President of Islami Chatro Shangha, East Pakistan and myself were accompanying Professor Ghulam Azam, The programme was

chalked out such a way that we would come back to Noakhli Town by nine o'clock and he would leave for Dhaka by night train and celebrate Eid there.

But the pressure from our workers was such that we had to stay at Hatiya for another day. After sunset we boarded a fishing boat to cross the river, The boat men lost the sense of direction and instead of rowing to the north they roared towards south-east. As a result we were approaching to the Bay of Bengal. Due to day's busy movements from this place to that place gentle breeze caused us sound sleep in a short time.

The boat-men roared throughout the night and at dawn we reached the proper ferry ghat. We heard at that time that the reason of our late arrival was mis calculation of direction. Allah had saved us from entering the Bay of Bengal.

At about 8 o'clock we reached Noakhli District Jamaat office, There was an Eid Gah just a few yards away to the west of Jamaat office. The people had been gathering for offering Namaz-e-Eid. We offered Namaz and took rest. Professor Sahib had a telephonic call with our reverend Bhabi Sahiba at his residence at Magh Bazar, Dhaka.

There was no Dhaka going train or compartment at daytime in those days. Only the night train had four compartments to be attached to the Chittagong Mail at Laksham Junction. Professor Sahib had to wait throughout the day

for availing this opportunity.

We had been celebrating Eid-ul-Fitr of 1970 Prof. Ghulam Azam, Amir Jamat-e-Islami, East Pakistan, one hundred forty miles away from his family and myself thirty miles away from Nargis, Saima, Taneem and my mother.

Noakhali Town and its surrounding area is a fort of Awami League. There had been some Convention Muslim Leaguers. They vanished away.

We had only six regular workers one was a petty cloth merchant, one was a tailor, one was a primary school teacher, one was a clerk of Noakhali Municipal Committee, the fifth and sixth were jobless. This was the position in all of the units of Noakhali. Only the exception was in some other units we had some secondary school teachers and one or two college lecturers.

With this 'regiment' we had been giving fight against Awami League, the biggest party of East Pakistan backed by industrialists, big merchants, business magnets (both Hindu and Muslim), intelligentsia of all of the cities and towns.

Though poor in man power and economic power we were rich in public support; public; ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-nourished and mostly illiterate, Had there been fair election and no apprehension of life and property majority of the public would cast their votes in favour of Jamaat-e-Islami. Alas! had it been so.

On of Jamaat's regular worker, Muhammad Nurul Islam's house was situated a few furlongs away from Jamaat office. He went to meet his parents. Professor Ghulam Azam and I myself remained at our office. Two of our workers came to see us.

I bought two plates of meat and two parathas from the nearby canteen. This was our Eid-ul-Fitr breakfast. Professor Sahib is a non smoker and non tea taker. Jamaat could not attract the rich and wealthy people of any locality in those days. No one belonging to 'haves' class did ever come to offer any service for Jamaat When ever any Provincial leader including Professor Ghulam Azam and Maulana Abdur Rahim visited Noakhali we had been compelled to lodge them at Jamaat office. No leader, no advocate, no aristocratic one ever requested us to give him a chance for hospitality of Jamaat leader. Even no one offered a single meal.

On that particular Eid-ul-Fitr of 1970, a few days before the holding of General election what we could arrange for our leader Professor Ghulam Azam was nothing but a few pieces of beef with potato and liquid Masoor Dal. This was our menu of both luncheon, this was our menu of dinner.

The leaders of Awami League and political parties were in the know that Professor Azam was in their town, but no one had moral courage to come to see him and say

'Eid Mubarak.'

During 1963-71 I observed two Eid-ul-Azha at Noakhali Town. I could not slaughter any animal, nor our poor workers. It was commonly known to all of the rich men of the town that I was in their town.

In a sense, I was a stranger. Whatever it sounds unpleasant and rude, but it is true that not a single soul of this town did ever ask me to dine or to have a piece of Qurbani animal or send a piece as a token of the relation of muslim brother hood. This was my society. On these two occasions I remained practically without any food. Every one knows that on these occasions hotels and canteens remains closed.

The question arises, who compelled me to stay at Noakhli Town keeping my wife and children at Lakshmipur. The answer is we had to maintain public contact, we had to address Eid-congregation to convey the real significance of Qurbani. We delivered lecture for Qurbani and we had to materialize it-this way or that way.

From the very formation of Awami Muslim League a group of East Pakistani Leaders started a campaign against West Pakistan; and similarly a group became very much active to create hatred against East Pakistan. Basically, the rope of these two groups was in the hands of a particular neighbouring country that was determined to undo Pakistan. Moreover, the International powers, antagonistic to Islam and afraid of Islamic Renaissance, had been supporting our direct enemy in this regard.

It is a fact that Indian Muslims, however, morally and ideologically perverted had been enthusiastically persuaded to vote for Pakistan but our character was not Islamic, our behaviour was not Islamic, our day to day life was not Islamic. Our leaders as well as our public were and are so much self-interested that we could and we can take any step. This is not a new thing for us. We the muslims of India killed our own brothers for throne or power or for attaining pleasure of Hindus, Marathas, Sikhs and Marwarees. We served as loyal servants and soldiers of non-muslim Jagirdars and Rajas for the sake of bread and butter.

After the achievement of Pakistan, due to our weak character and short of knowledge of real Islamic teachings we had engaged ourselves for capturing power, for attaining evacuee property, for getting licence and permits. For this purpose we spoke lie, we took oath on lie, we intrigued against our fellow country men, we employed our power of speech, power of work, our capacity and capability for anyone who paid us wage-we did not think for a moment if we are doing such a thing right or wrong-in favour of any good man or a corrupt.

Under such circumstances we were going on Central Government had to hold general election in 1949. It did not do that. Constituent Assembly had to be formed through election. It was not done. The Assembly that was working had to formulate a constitution. It did not do that. A democratic environment had to be created. But it was not done. The leaders had to be the ideals for public, but they did not know what is such an 'animal.'

Rather, a suffocating situation was created. Those who demanded Islamic Constitution were jailed. Those who demanded Bengali as one of the state languages were being crushed with force instead of reasoning and mutual consultation. Today's 'enemy' of Pakistan became 'tomorrow's' Prime minister and provincial chief Minister Today's 'Gaddar' became 'Muhibbe Watan' of tomorrow. Today's boy-cottes of constitution Bill remarked 'anti-East Pakistan constitution' and when became Prime Min-

ister under the same constitution declared it as the saviour of East Pakistan giving 97% provincial autonomy. For making Pakistan a secular state and for creating hurdles on the way of creating an Islamic society, elections were not held, martial Law was imposed, emergency was declared, Defence Rule was promulgated, Black laws and regulations were formulated, everything was done; but what was not done is creation of a society based on Islamic Brotherhood whose main philosophy is live for the cause of Allah, live for the cause of others, live for the cause of the world.'

Here in West Pakistan propaganda was done by those vested interested class that, Muslims of East Pakistan are not real muslims, they are the sons of Hindus; Hindu teachers are in overwhelming majority in all of the educational institutions including Dhaka and Rajshahi Universities; Hindu philosophy taught in schools and colleges; Books are written by the Hindu teachers and scholars; Bengal is a land of magic and.....; each and every muslim girl is a dancer and singer; East Pakistan is a burden on West Pakistan; it is a land of storm, cyclone and flood, it is a cursed province, Allah is displeased with East Pakistan, if not why there is natural calamity e.t.c.

There in East Pakistan the scene was quite contradictory. West Pakistan is a dry land of desert. It is due to the rice, paddy, jute, tea and paper of East Pakistan that part is so much developed.

I am quoting from a speech of Sheikh Mujibur Rehman that he made in a cinema Hall of Noakhli Town, Majidee Court, before a few days of general election, he was telling in his thunderous voice,

"Karachi has become a golden city, deserts have been transformed into golden oasis; Islamabad has been built with gold, all these have been possible with the wealth of East Pakistan; they have built Mangla dam, they have built Tarbela dam, but they did nothing for East Pakistan; When I demanded for East Pakistan they send Maududi to pacify us in the name of Islam; Maududi is the agent of America; Maududi wears on a costly cap, the price of the cap is Rs. twenty five thousand, Who gave this amount to Maududi, they gave this amount; Maududi wears a sherwani, goes to the Airport and lands at Dhaka Airport, Maududi is the agent of West Pakistan, he is the enemy of East Pakistan, Ghulam Azam is the enemy of East Pakistan, jamaat-e-Islami is the enemy of East Pakistan."

Addressing the public he asked 'Will you give vote for Jamaat-e-Islami', the reply was 'No, No.'

(I had recorded Mujib's whole speech in a tape Recorder wrapped under my shawl.)

The secession of East Pakistan was not the result of Army Action of 1971. It started right from 1947 and reached its

culmination in 1971. Murder of Shahid-e-Millat, Hanged order on Maududi Sahib, Bengali language movement, Narayanganj jute mill Movement, Chittagong Karnafuli paper Mill Movement. Industrial skirmishes, Desolation of constitution, Imposition of martial Law, Introduction of Basic Democracy, Emergency EBDO and last of all Army Action of 1971, all these actions were not any isolated affair. Rather they were just like the beads of a single chain. The chain was in the black hands of somebody, beyond the sight; people saw Z. A. Bhutto and Sheikh Mujib, they saw and heard them, they saw their own problem of dal and rooti, dal bhat, their own worn out shirt and torn out lungi shalwar, and believed them, became their prey and helped directly and indirectly to truncate Pakistan.

The general Election of 1970 was over. Jamaat-e-Islami was totally defeated. There was roar and horror in the political horizon, Jamaat-e-Islami East Pakistan decided to start public contact, specially to meet with the members and workers to keep their morale boost up.

Accordingly in the 1st week of February, 1971 Janab Abdul Khaliq, General Secretary Jamaat-e-Islami, East Pakistan visited Noakhli, In spite of our defeat, in spite of cyclone we welcomed him at Majidee court Railway station in the morning. In the evening we arranged a public meeting at Town Hall, the same Hall where Sheikh Mujibur Rehman addressed during election. The Hall was packed up. After a few days while presenting Report on this pub-

lic contact, Janab Abdul Khaliq Sahib. remarked, 'Noakhli will always remain Noakhli and went on reading his report. (Noakhli is very much popular for its people's hard work, sweet manner, courage and generosity.)

East Pakistan Jamaat held its meeting of Majlis-e-Shoora, so far I remember, in the third week of February, 1971. I was present in that meeting. On return from Dhaka I started workers meeting-campaign throughout the district. Every one was very much thoughtful about the political development in Pakistan, especially in East Pakistan. Mr. Z. A. Bhutto and General Yahya Khan were not ready to hand over power to Shaikh Mujibur Rehman and the later one was not ready to go to West Pakistan for attending the National Assembly Session.

Dhaka was burning, East Pakistan was burning. Most of the people were getting enraged and exited. I don't know where from I got a sense of coolness in mood and temperament. I was passing the days in a very normal way. As if there happened nothing. In those days of tension and political unrest I went to Feni, Sonagazi, Campanyganj, Begumganj, Raipur and other places I met and addressed our workers. I requested them to get the tie with Jamaat fastened steadfastly whatever changes come in the political arena.

On 25th March, 1971 I was in the District Jamaat office, Noakhli Town. Suddenly I saw two men entering my room.

I was very much surprised to see them. One of them was Janab Shafiqullah, ex-Chittagong Divisional Amir. He was the Secretary, Labour wing, East Pakistan Jamaat. Addressing me he asked,

'You are still here?'

Raising my eyes to him I said,

'Why, what happened?'

He said,

'Something may happen. Please get up and let us go to Lakshmi pur.'

He then chalked out a plan and without taking the regular pacca road and transport he preferred to hire Rickshaw and village katcha Road. He took leave of me and left.

I offered Namaz-e-Zohar and started for Lakshmipur. On the way at Chaumuhani I went to a Kabiraj medicine shop, purchased medicine for my mother, as she had been suffering from rheumatic pain in those days and reached Lakshmipur in the evening.

I went home and met my mother, Nargis and children. Taneem was then a child of one year and three months. I took him in my lap for only a few minute and again left for Jamaat office at Lakshmipur. On that very night army Action was taken and Sheikh Mujibur Rehman was taken into custody.

From 25th March, 1971 to 27th April 1971 I was at home

at Lakshmipur. There I heard about the army action, 'its 'atrocities', its 'cruelties', its ruthless subjugation of BDR at Dhaka police line, its attack and counter attack on and by Bengali personnel's of Pakistan Army at different cantonments.

I am 100% sure that Army Action was taken under some International Conspiracy. If it was not done, how could the people who and whose forefathers fought and achieved Pakistan, be made antagonistic and enemy, If it is done, Bengalees would be enraged and take arms against Pakistan Army and gradually such a situation would be created where from there would be no return.

According to previous arrangements and planning Awami Leaguers from Dhaka and other cities, towns and villages left for India in the name of taking shelter. Iqbal Hall and other Halls that were centre and fort of Students League Leaders and workers became empty before the evening of 25th March. Thinly populated cities and towns became desolated and de-populated.

Army took action against desolated Iqbal Hall; it illuminated the city of Dhaka with its particular weapon to terrify armless citizens. People started leaving Dhaka towards villages on foot. It is true that there had been some casualties; but that was out of sheer foolish planing. I think it was not 'foolish' rather 'cleverly'. If some labourers and poor inhabitants of huts by the side of Railline be

killed or arrested, the unrest among the common people is quite sure. If an innocent Hindu philosopher Professor is killed, the entire Hindu population will be afraid of and go to India for taking shelter, which will be a plea for Indian Prime Minister to declare war against Pakistan and this happened just after nine months.

One morning when I was walking alone on a village road leading towards Bhabaniganj I met a man. I stopped and talked to him. He said,

"I am coming from Chittagong on foot. hundreds and thousands male, female and children are on foot without food and water. Punjabi soldiers killed lacs of people at Chittagong. Banga Bandhu has been killed; Zia declared independence of Bangladesh."

On that very moment an U.N.O. vehicle was seen to cross me. I raised my hand, The driver was a foreigner, I requested him to give a lift to that gentleman, according to whom Sheikh Mujib was killed and lacs of Chitagongeons had been killed; punjabi soldiers had been defeated and Bangladesh Army won and Zia ur Rehman was the head of the state. The driver obliged me.

On 15th April, 1971 I heard of a Milad Mahfil arranged in my immediate neighbouring home by one of my brother-in-law. Though a distant relation I always regarded him as my real brother-in-law. He invited my own brother-in-law and his brother. I was not invited. Still for having per-

sonal relationship with him and his family members I did not bother for invitation, I went to attend the Milad Mahfil. On the very sight of my appearance he became furious. He said nothing. He did not welcome me, he did not show any kind of pleasure for my presence. I took my seat he started abusing Pakistan Army and cited different examples of killing, looting arsoning, burning e.t.c. I could not agree with him. Hardly I said ,

"These are all propagandas."

he started howling and abusing me rustic manner.

“Get out of my house, rascal, punjabi’s agent, get out.”

What was the reason of his reaction, which made him so adamant. The same strategy. His real son-in-law was a clerk somewhere in Dhaka. He left for village on foot. After three day's walk he reached home and reported that entire Dhaka city was transformed into ashes; all of the Hindu population and most of the Awami League workers were killed and thrown into the Buri Ganga. Similar cases occurred in other towns, Rajshahi, Dinajpur, Bogra, Pabna, Khulna, barisal, Chittagong, he was not alone; thousands of people leaving Dhaka and reaching their own places indulged in such sort of propaganda. They had been telling these stories as if they were the eyewitnesses.

The readers will be surprised to learn a story, only one out of hundreds, how our public were made foolish and how the enemies of Pakistan got their purpose successful. the story is,

"Tikka Khan is nine feet tall and three feet broad; he drinks

human blood three kilos a day; his morning breakfast is human brain; he said,

"I shall kill all of the Bangalees, I want land not people".

What do you think of people who generation after generation hear the stories that Farhad cut a high stony hill with his crew bar and caused the spring of sweet waterfall for love's sake; Hazrat Ali's sword was three mound heavy; Hazrat Hanifa, son of Hazrat Ali; used to take one mound Chura (fried rice) in his breakfast, the weight of army cloak of Sonavan, a fantastic muslim heroine, was of six mound; Sheikh Saadi used tiger as his transport and Bayezid Bustami used to perform five times Namaz at Khana-e-Ka'aba while he was physically in Chittagong e.t.c.. To the illiterate Mass these stories are not only true, rather such a true that if any body challenges, he is declared Kafir. So, it is quite true, true just like the existence of Banga Badhu that Tikka Khan's breakfast was really human brain.

Keeping all these 'eye witnessed' incidents, occurring and happenings when one saw that his own mother or sister or wife was raped by some soldier and one or two houses were burnt the entire village population ought to believe that Dhaka was totally distracted; the entire urban population was annihilated. The matter became serious and when some student, shuddering his shoulder addressing his father, brothers and villagers told, 'yes, there are examples in history, Taimur lane killed fifty thousand muslims

in Delhi, Mughals killed Pathans, whereas both the parties claimed to be muslims, then was there any way to disbelieve that Punjabi soldier killed thirty lac Bengali muslims in Bangladesh.

There is another factor, Army Jawans and Militia forces had been told that they were being sent to East Pakistan to crush the Hindu rebellions. The difference of language made the situation more tragic. However, illiterate and half educated the Bengali muslims bear a strong sense of self-respect. When this respect was turned into insult they got furious. Who will bear that you insult someone in a public place before his family members, his friends and colleagues and he will tolerate it forever?

On 27th April, 1971 Advocate Shamsul Alam a supporter and worker of Noakhali Jamaat-e-Islami came to see me at Lakshmi pur with the message that Army authority and District Administration wanted me to attend a meeting of Pro-Pakistani political party chiefs. I accompanied him leaving Nargis, Saima and Taneem with my mother.

In the meeting I was elected as Secretary of District Peace Committee, Advocate Syedur Rahman of Council Muslim League, President, Advocate Siddiquilah of PDP, Vice President, Advocate Shamsul Alam and few others, members, Executive Committee. Our main function was to assist army authority in maintaining law and order and bring confidence in public mind, help the officers and the government employees who left their duty and town itself out of fear to come back and join their respective duties.

Army had its own course of action, its own strategy. In some affairs it followed our suggestion, in some other matters it decided its own way; sometimes there were someone who became successful in coming nearer to army got his purpose served and we were totally neglected in that affair.

For the sake of future guidance of historians I shall venture to quote a few examples that occurred in my District.

One Haji Shabuddin, a thoroughly gentleman, senior most of my village was arrested only because that his son-in-law advocate Bismillah was an Awami League leader; Haji Sahib's son (so far I remember Shafiq by name) was chased for arrest who escaped. Instead of him Haji sahib was arrested and kept behind the bars. His another son came to me for his release. I tried my best to persuade Army authority at Lakshmi pur to get him released, but failed.

Why? Because some one of Lakshmipur peace committee earned the confidence of army because of his regular touch and communication. I had to move from one place to another. I had occasional meeting with army that was also too short. Therefore, it was quite natural that local leaders would be given preferences to me, no matter I was the District Secretary.

Advocate Abdul Malik's (who became speaker of Bangladesh National Assembly) house, Kachi Mea's house and some other house at Majidee court were burnt, till today I cannot remember who advised the army to do so. I did not advise for such act.

The house that we took on rent for Jamaat office at

Majidee Court belonged to some Hindu. We rented this house for three years. Never for a month we were defaulter. And he did never ask us to vacate the house.

In his wedding ceremony he invited me and I was very much delighted to attend the function. He was a gentleman. His brother Shibu too. He did not leave his house when mostly all of the Hindu population left for Agartala. He was living in his own house. Both the brothers were arrested upon the instigation of a Muslim Leaguer who was unpopular for his bad character in the town. These two innocent brothers were killed. Nripen is the name of elder brother. At the time of his killing he had a bunch of keys. The army captain sent it to me. People thought that it was I who got them arrested and killed due to this hand over of bunches of keys. One day later, that rogue Muslim leaguer demanded keys from me. I gave it without hesitation. What was I to do with the keys? Later on, I came to know that, that man occupied the shops and houses belonging to Nripen Babu.

Upon the investigation of a union council chairman my own brother in law (distant relation) was being arrested by the Razakars. His real brother-in-law came to me for his release. I was quite ignorant about the arrest. I went to the Razakar camp and got him released. He was by that time severely beaten and tied for next action.

I have already mentioned that we are a morally bankrupt

nation. In most cases we do not consider about legality or illegality, about Allah's pleasure or displeasure. There were so many cases that occurred due to family strife and interest. When found a chance why not take privilege. The blame will fall on Pakistan Army or Razakar and Al-Badar.

As for rape cases, I can tell on swear upon Allah that not a single Razakar or Al-Badr ever indulged in such an activity. We could not think of it. It is Allah, the exalted who saved us from this type of black spot of life.

As for others, we ourselves had been afraid of it. Many muslim Leaguers and Jamaat-e-Islami people had been lined and butchered. Our illiterate public could not save them, how our illiterate women could save? Why this thing happened? who was responsible for this? Had there been no such political situation created by Mr. Bhutto and Mr. Mujibur Rehman the question of Army arrival in towns and villages would not at all arise.

In 1958 people haled Army. During flood, cyclone and such type of natural calamity Army always entered into nook and corner of the victim area. At that time why such type of affairs do not occur? Why it occurred in 1971 in East Pakistan. Was it not a part of that conspiracy which was hatched for the kicking out of East Pakistan.

Awami league decided to give armed resistance to Pakistan Army. Bengalees belonging to Pakistan Army fled

away and met their associates in different places. Before hand, they organized volunteers and arranged arm training for them. Indian soldiers reached different places in disguise in our District. Hundreds of Indian soldiers were present at Majidee court, Chaumuhani and Feni. When Pakistan Army reached these places they took shelter in villages. I was later on reported by our village workers, who were bound to declare that they had abandoned Jamaat-e-Islami and joined Awami League, so to say Mukti Bahinee, that they saw with their own eyes the Indian soldiers in their locality.

Mukti Bahine started its action. Their policy was to ambush Pakistan Army and Kill pro Pakistani elements. The first of these incidents occurred at Feni. They arrested one of our courageous and energetic labour leader Muhammad Shafiq by name. They took him to a paddy field in a dark night and started torturing him. They first cut his ankle, then knee, then waist and last of all slaughtered him by neck. His crying for help, his sky scrapping request to kill him at one stroke echoed in the field. No one from neighbouring houses came to rescue him. This was the first Shahadat in my District.

The second incident took place near Raipur. Maulana Qazi Abdur Rashid, a seventy years old well-known Alim and strong supporter of Jamaat -e-Islami was picked up from his house and taken to a lonely place by boat. He was landed on a dry land. The Mukti Bahinee workers got

themselves ready to stab him to death.

They asked the Maulana whether he had any last desire. Maulana asked them to give chance to offer two Rakat Namaz which they did. After offering Namaz the Maulana said,

'Now you can do whatever you like.'
Without taking time they stabbed him in his chest and belly. The Maulana pronounced 'La ilaha illallhu Muhammadur Rasulallah' and became silent forever.

One of my village neighbour Dr. Hidayatullah was going to Haidar ganj, an important market place of Raipur to start his practice, while he was crossing a canal by boat he was captured and shot to death by Mukti Bahinee. On hearing the sad news of Dr. Hidayatullah his immediate elder brother Muhammad Nurul Islam went to the spot for searching the dead body. This young man was too captured and shot to death in the same place in the same manner. What was their fault. Their fault was that they were supporters of Jamaat-e-Islami. Who recognized them. Among the boys of Mukti Bahinee there were some boys who belonged to our Lakshmi pur. On their identification these two young men were killed. They left innocent children and young wives to mourn their death.

On 10th June 1971, I went to Feni to meet an Army officer to discuss law and order situation. On the way to Majidee court I stopped at Chaumuhani to meet Profes-

sor Muhammad Fazle Azim and advocate Anwar Husain who changed their head quarter from Lakshmipur and Khilpara respectively and stationed at Chaumuhani. Someother workers also used to live in their own villages.

I requested Azim and Advocate Anwar to accompany me to Majidee court. They gave me company. When we reached Majidee court it was calm and quite. Only a few shops were open. There was complete silence all around, as if curfew was imposed.

We went to the house of Advocate Siddiquilah, Vice President Peace Committee. He was not present. We offered Namaz-e-Maghrib a bit later than usual time. Maulana Nurullah, once office secretary Noakhali Jamaat-e-Islami and then Chittagong Divisional Jamaat-e-Islami came to see us for giving a serious information. He had told that a jammah worker from khalifarhat, six miles away to the south-west of Majidee court came in a hurry and reported that Mukti Bahinee had decided to wage an attack at important points of Majidee court. Saying so he left. Because his absence might cause suspicion in Mukti Bahini's camp about him.

Tofail Ahmed, President, students Union, Noakhali College belonging to Islami Chatro Shango was also present at that time. We made a strategy to pass the night in safe places. Accordingly, Advocate Shamsul Alam and Tofail

Ahmed went to my residence, near Jamaat-e-Islami office; Maulana Nurrullah and another worker went to a government officer's flat and Professor Fazle Azim, Advocate Anwar Husain and myself went to take shelter at a flat of Professor of Noakhali College. At that dead of night of those upheaval, on seeing us the professor became very much nervous. I had close personal relation with him while I had been serving Noakhali College. On the basis of that relation he gave us shelter. We were hungry. I requested him to cook something. His son did it in no time. We took our meal and offering Namaaz-e-Esha went to bed.

At about 2 o'clock the town trembled with gun shot. Throughout the town there was firing. We three got up, went to roof of the building. It was drizzling then the dawn appeared. We saw that a bus was leaving the town towards Majidee Bazar, perhaps it was going to some village area.

In the morning I sent a worker to know what happened at night. It was reported that Mukti Bahinee attacked and fired all of the places, where according to their assumption Pro-Pakistani leaders could be found.

They raided the house of Advocate Ashraful Huq, popularly known as Sharu ukil and fired continuously for ten minutes. The Advocate came out of his bedroom and tried

to escape, but was not successful, he was caught. When his wife saw it from inside she came out and tried to rescue him. His youngest son, about ten years old and a boy servant also came out. The Mukti Bahinee killed all of the four on the spot. Before shooting him they asked him about my whereabouts. The Advocate said that he knew nothing. He was asked thrice, and the reply was the same. At last, they shot him to death.

This became regular phenomenon. To face the situation Razakar Force, consisting of Pro-Pakistani elements was formed. This was the first experiment in East Pakistan, which was a successful experiment. Following this strategy Razakar Force was being organized throughout East Pakistan. This force was, later on Named Al-Badar and Al-Shams and Al-Mujahid. The workers belonging to purely Islami Chatro Shango were called Al-Badr; the general patriotic public belonging to Jamaat-e-Islami, Muslim League, Nizam-e-Islam e.t.c. were called Al-Shams and the Urdu-speaking generally known as Bihari were called al-Mujahid.

In Noakhali District what I saw was that the Razakar were encamped and given seven days, Rifle Training and then stationed at strategic points to move and chase the Mukti Bahinee. Once any one joined Razakar Force could not go to his own village alone. To Mukti Bahinee and general public he was an agent of Punjabees, therefore, enemy of Bangladesh and therefore, be killed where ever found.

We had been in a state of battle from April' 71 to Dec' 71. We had to pass our days and nights on emergency basis, in army-operation condition. despite all odds and non co-operation of public we had been successful in pushing away to India or; crushing Mukti Bahinee. They raided our base with sten-gun, mortar and heavy weapon; We had only three-knot-three rifles. The villages were their hiding place and shelter while we had the towns and bazars under our control.

Our Razakars were given the charge of keeping watch on bridges and road junctions. Army stationed at Begumganj for a few days and then shifted to Feni. There was an Army station at Lakshmi pur also. But that was also for a few months, probably two months. Thereafter, Militia was imported from West Pakistan whose behaviour was more responsible for vitiating public mind against Pakistan.

During that stormy and disturbed period we had lost several valuable lives, for example, Rafiq Ahmed of Khasherhat, Ramgati and eleven other young men in an ambush by Mukti Bahinee; Advocate Shamsul Alam was in the group but saved any how; Abdul Jalil, Abdul Bashir of Majidee court camp, Sufi Ahmed of Khsherat e.t.c.

Before the fall of Dhaka on 16th December, 1971 Noakhali was raided by Indian Force and Mukti Bahinee. I was then in Dhaka under medical treatment. Pakistan

Army sent our Razakars at front line. They fought bravely and courageously. Hundreds of Razakars were martyred. But could not succeed. Pak-Army came close to Laksham, a junction and important place near the border of India Noakhali was vacated totally; it fell in the hands of Mukti Bahinee on 8th December, 1971 Razakar camps were raided with heavy weapons. Most of the Razakars were captured and killed. A few were successful in escaping.

According to some report, after the fall of Dhaka more than ten thousand Bengali speaking Pro-Pakistani elements had been killed by Mukti Bahinee out of whom more than five thousand were from Noakhali only.

Among twenty District Amirs of Jamaat-e-Islami, peace committee presidents and secretaries only one's citizenship was cancelled through Government Gazette, Bangladesh government had declared prize if that one could be arrested or killed, and that one was this humble author.

In the month of June 1971 I sent Nargis and my two little children along with her brother Shabbir Ahmed, a teen aged young boy to Dhaka. Railway journey from Noakhali to Dhaka was not safe. Rail lines were destroyed, bombed or dynamited, in different points. Only one train, however irregular, was in operation. She had to stop at comilla first, and from there to Dhaka. When she reached commilla at about 12 o'clock at night there was complete curfew. I phoned her real uncle to receive her at the station, but due to curfew he did not dare to go out. There were no other passengers save and except these four poor travelers. They had to go to Uncle's house on foot, The distance was about three miles. Allah saved them from any sort of untoward happening. At such a dead of night when there was curfew and apprehension of prestige and sanctity, this undaunted female soldier of Islamic movement, keeping her one and a half year old son on her shoulder and holding the finger of her little four year daughter reached her maternal uncle's home safe and sound. I appealed to the Lord of the Universe for their safety and the application was granted.

In the month of July or August 1971 General Tikka Khan,

Governor of East Pakistan visited Noakhali. The Deputy commission convened a meeting of the government officials and office bearers of the District Peace Committee.

We, the office bearers of the Peace Committee met at the residence of Advocate Syedur Rehamn, President Peace Committee and decided to welcome the governor. It was also decided that an address of Welcome be read in the meeting. The question arose, who will read the address of welcome? Nobody was prepared out of fear of Mukti Bahinee. Though member and office bearer of the Peace committee they did not like to take the risk of inviting raid of Mukti Bahinee at their residence. At last it was unanimously decided that I should bell the cat.

Nargis along with her Saima Afroz and Taneem had been at her father's house since June 1971. I had been at different places of Noakhali and my mother was at Lakshmipur. In the month of October I was again suffering from gastric ulcer. It was the month of Ramazan. I could not observe fasting, and in those days I was living in a Razakar's camp. When the case became too much acute, I wrote to Professor Ghulam Azam, Amir Jamaat-e-Islami, East Pakistan to permit me to leave Noakhali and go to Dhaka for medical treatment and also appoint Janab Maqbul Ahmed as Amir of Noakhali Jamaat.

On receiving his approval letter I convened a meeting of the workers, addressed them and appealed to them to remain steadfast in the way of Allah and to do justice to the people and not to indulge in any such activity that could be called injustice.

There after, I proceeded to Feni and met the workers and Razakars. Then I went to Chittagong and from there to Dhaka by plane. To be in safe side, I kept a small size Quran-e-Majid in my pocket.

I reached Dhaka in the last week of October, 1971. I met professor Ghulam Azam and reported to him about my disease. He referred me to his brother Dr. Ghulam Muazzam, who again referred me to a renowned physician Dr. Abdul Mannan, I was under his treatment till 30th November, 1971.

From safety and security point of view I induced my father-in-law to shift his house from Bashabo to a house on rent at Malibagh and again to Nokhalpara. On 3rd December, 1971 Dhaka was under Air Attack by India. Till 14th December I was with my mother-in-law and other members of the family and Nargis and my two children at Nokhalpara.

When it became quite impossible on our part to remain at Nokhalpara due to Indian Air Raid I contacted some one Al-Badar to send a bus and pick us up to reach University Campus where my sister-in-law Mrs. Bilquis and her husband Dr. Habibullah lived. The bus came and we reached his house after sunset on 14th December, 1971. On 16th December a black chapter of history of the world was written. Dhaka fell into the hands of the Hindu soldiers of India.

The Hindus and the non-muslims of the world clapped and distributed sweets and the muslims of the world wept and Allah knows how many died of heart failure.



On 16th december, 1971 when the sky of Dhaka was dazzling with the fire sparking and there was uproar of laughter and enjoyment in one side and death, killing, looting and arsoning fear, apprehension, lying from own hearth and home and seeking shelter in any safe place was the other side, I was enjoying a sound sleep at the Dhaka University residence of Dr. Habibullah. From my bedroom before falling asleep I was distinctly hearing the boot-sound of Pakistan Army who surrendered and going to prisoners camp, perhaps at Mohammadpur.

Dr. Habibullah was a 'wanted' personality of Dhaka University due to his pro-Pakistan ideology. He left his residence next morning. My brother-in-law Shabbir Ahmed came from some unknown place and lead me to a flat, 3rd floor of that building where Dr. Habibullah's colleague was living. On seeing me the Professor's face became pale. He did not know me personally. He asked me who I was, on my reply he nodded his head and said, 'Oh! I see,' He left for his bedroom. I remained there for half an hour. Again Shabbir Ahmed had shown his bright face. With a smiling face he said 'Don't worry I shall take you to some of my relatives house.'

We left. The learned professor did not dare to say good bye to me. We started walking. From Nilkhat to Dhaka old railway station the roads and streets were empty and barren. We reached a house of a distant relation of my father-in-law. Two young men were sitting in the drawing

room. On seeing us they left us with a gloomy face. Shabbir left me alone and contacted some senior member of the house. He was, perhaps, the real owner and relation of my father-in-law. He came to see me and without any comment left the room, Shabbir hinted to me with his eyes. After five minutes he said that it was not possible for them to give shelter to me. We got up then and there, came to the street and availed a Rickshaw. The Rickshaw puller looked at me as if he knew but said nothing.

We crossed Indian Army and Mukti Bahinee camp. It was Friday. Namaaz-e-Juma was being performed in a Masjid. Centre of Dhaka Tablighi Jamaat just like Makki Masjid or Madni Masjid in Karachi.

After a few minutes we reached a house, first time I visited, the house of Nargis 'maternal uncle who gifted her a gold necklace at the time of her marriage in 1964.

I remained there for two nights and two days. On the third morning my aunt-in-law came to see me, she talked to me according to her position and apologized saying, 'Had it been normal time she would be pleased to entertain me for months, but now she was helpless.'

I understood the message. I was just pondering about the future. Nargis came from her aunt's house along with Saima and Taneem. Both the brother and sister went to the roof accompanying their little cousins. The children

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were raising the slogan of Jay Bangla and my Saima was raising the slogan of Pakistan Zindabad. After a while the children came down and complained about the matter. I called Saima and told her with pity and affection not to raise such slogans she said what happened, why not such slogans. This little girl could not anticipate what tragic revolution took place in the muslim world.

Nargis was standing beside me. Her face was gloomy. After a pause of few seconds, she said, 'I am going', and then became silent.

She took the right hand of Saima and Taneem on her shoulder and stepped towards the door. She stopped and looked behind to me. Her aunt was not there to see her off. I could not cross the door. That was a tragic scene. I took Saima on my lap, lowered her on the floor, took Taneem in my lap, kissed him on his face and forehead several times, Taneem looked at me said nothing. Both the brother and sister now in the care of their mother. Nargis again looked at me took a long and heavy sight and with tearing eyes went towards the street. I remained jailed in that lonely room.

After about ten minutes of Nargis' departure Shabbir came to me and said 'Let us go', During the last four days I was in his care. I followed him. Took a rickshaw and went ahead.

We reached a house at Malibagh. For the first time I went there. My mother-in-law was very much anxious about my safety. She contacted her friend sister and managed for my lodging till I could manage some other safe place. I remained at this house from 20th December, 1971 to 20th March 1972.

Just see the tragedy. In the same city of Dhaka I was residing at Malibagh and Nargis was residing in a house of her aunt far away from Malibagh.

After three days she came to meet me. She said in a choking voice that she would prefer Lakshmipur to this place, as she was being teased by her cousins, who were supporters of Bangladesh. By this time the term Razakar achieved the famous title of 'Dallal of Punjabees', agents of Punjabee. The cousins used this term for Nargis.

For the first time I saw gloominess on the face of Nargis. She was determined to go to Lakshmipur where her mother-in-law was staying and where I was a wanted war criminal.

On my request and seeing the condition of Nargis my mother-in-law sent her twelve year old Shaheed to Lakshmipur with a message for Janab Tafsiruddin, my Brother-in-law to come to Dhaka and take Nargis and children with him.

On getting the message he came on urgent basis without caring for his old age and trouble some journey. After two days I sent Nargis and my children with him to the house that was not at all safe and where she came eight years before as a bride. This time I was not with her. In my place there were Saima and Taneem and my mother to share her sorrows, her pains her agony.

In the early dawn of 20th March, 1972 when Dhaka city was sleeping I came out of Malibagh along with the son of my aunt in a taxi. We were towards Calcutta.

Nargis was at this time at Lakshmipur. She could not know where I was. I got a message of my mother through Shaheed. Mother asked me to leave Bangladesh and reach Pakistan any how. How could I tell her that now Pakistan was not the same country and Karachi was not a city of two hour journey. However, I surrendered to her wish.

I am fortunate that I got the assistance of such a young man who was informer of Mukti Bahinee. We reached Gedi station at about 8 o'clock at night, passed the night on the steps of the platform. Next morning we availed the train towards Calcutta.

The border was open, Bangalees, specially belonging to Noakhali Awami league, both Hindu and Muslims were daily travellers of Calcutta. Lest, I would have been recognized by any one and could have got arrested I made a plan to avoid that. I purchased a pant and a shirt from a super store. Both of us saw cinema and then went to a

hotel.

The Manager asked me to produce legal documents. 'Next time we shall do the same' my companion replied. He allowed us to stay for the night. Next morning, we hurriedly got out of Hotel, went to the Railway station of Hawra, availed a mixed passenger train towards New Delhi.

On 23rd March, 1972 we reached old Delhi Railway station and got down. But where to go? I made a plan. I said to my companion 'Please try to listen to Azaan from anywhere.' we had been so fortunate that the moment I completed my sentence we heard a melodious sound, Allah Akbar, my heart filled with immense pleasure.

It was coming from a nearby Masjid. We went hurriedly and joined the jamaat After finishing the Namaaz we remained sitting, the Imam was a young man. The Masjid became empty. We two met him, paid salam, shook hands with him and gave our identity. He could not believe.

In those days, Indian Jamaat-e-islami leaders were still in jail and the muslims were in the wrath of the government. We might be government agent belonging to Calcutta with some motive. But at the same time he did not frustrate us.

A man came with his night meal. He talked to him and called for a man belonging to Jamaat -e-Islami. He was a

young man, he was a man with a beautiful beard. He did not say any thing direct. He said 'you go to Delhi Jame Masjid and ask anybody the office address of Jamaat-e-Islami, if any thing can be done for you it can be done by Jamaat people'.

We came out of that Masjid, hired a Rickshaw and reached Jame Masjid. We saw an octogenarian old man but in good health with marvellously beautiful beard and shining face. we asked him about Jamaat-e-Islami office. He told us the detailed address. It was in the Chitli Qabar area.

After offering Namaz-e-Esha we reached Jamaat office. We knocked at the gate. Some one opened it. We gave our introduction and requested him for giving us shelter. He was hesitant He said 'Please pass the night at any Hotel and come tomorrow morning.'

I spoke in English. I said, 'Had we been in a position to stay at Hotel we have never come to give you trouble.' He paused remained silent for a moment. And then said, 'Yes, you are welcome.'

He told us to follow him and wait in a room and then contacted someone on phone. He then came to us and said, 'You can stay here. Tomorrow morning Maulana Abu Lais, Amir, Jamaat-e-Islami would come and talk to you.'

I took a long breath and thanked my Lord, the Almighty.

Next morning just after Namaz-e-Fajr Maulana came at the office and granted us interview. Janab Muslim Sahib (Late), the editor of Daily News paper 'Dawat' was sitting with him. Maulana asked me some questions in Urdu and I replied in English, Janab Muslim Sahib was interpreter for Maulana.

In the evening of 25th March, 1972 Janab Muslim Ali Sahib introduced us to a young professor of Arabic of a college of Delhi who took us with him in his residence where he was living. He was then a bachelor. Later on, he married the daughter of Janab Muslim Sahib. His name is Habib ur Rahman Durrani.

I stayed there for fourteen days. After three days my guide and companion and friend wanted to leave for Bangladesh. Just to please him I had to accompany him to visit Agra to see Taj Mahal and other historical places. On our return from Agra my guide friend took leave of me and left for Bangladesh. I could not go to Delhi old city station to see him off. I bade him Khuda Hafiz on the step of the double storey house of my benevolent friend Professor Habib ur Rahman Durrani.

During those fourteen days Janab Muhammad Muslim Sahib came to see me several times and discuss about my future programme. I said, 'I want to go to Kashmir and

then to Pakistan.' He did not agree as the road was not safe in those days. On twelfth day of my stay he came and said, 'Get ready for a journey to Nepal. On fourteenth night you will have to start for interior Nepal; there somebody will guide you to Kathmandu.'

On our fourteenth evening Janab Muslim Sahib came to see me. He offered me his Sherwani and all such things that I required. I accepted the Sherwani but refused to take other things.

He bade me good bye; embraced and wept for a long-time as if he was bidding farewell to his nearest one. Beforehand, the father of Professor Durrani came from Bhupal to see me. Habib's younger brother Shafiq Durrani, a student leader of Aligarh University came all the way to see me. Both the brothers were bachelors. They used to cook varieties of delicious dishes. The night I started for Nepal both Shafiq and Aslam, the son of Janab Muslim Ali cooked a special type of dish of mutton. This item was so much tasteful that even after twenty seven years I remember it and find the taste of it in my tongue.

One the night of my start for Nepal, Professor Durrani came to see me off at the Railway Station. There he introduced me to someone and said, 'This is Janab Fakhrul Islam, Manager of Daily 'Dawat' he will accompany you upto Bheraba, a small town and airport of Kapilavastu, Nepal.

The train started. Next day at dusk we reached a border station of India. Fakhul Islam Sahib took me to a house. There he met a gentleman and whispered. I have forgotten his name. A businessman by profession. From his face reading I understood that he welcomed us. He came to me, shook hands with me and gave me assurance of his assistance whatever possible on his part.

Next morning he and two other local young men accompanied us and we crossed Indian border on foot. We were now at Kapilabastu, the birth place and kingdom of Buddha Dev. We were crossing the foot of the Himalaya, were now at Kapilavastu, the birth place and kingdom of Our host was a wealthy man. He had an elephant as a transport which was the only means of wealthy men; others had to go from one place to another on foot.

This for the first time I rode an elephant. In my childhood I saw elephant from a distance and followed it with other children enjoying and laughing and throwing stones at it.

We reached Baheraba Airport. My Indian border host purchased an air ticket for Me. We reached the Airport just a few minutes before take-off of the Air plane. This time there were Janab Fakhru Islam Sahib and that new friend to see me off. While saying good-bye to me both of them wept severely. Tears fell down from their eyes on cheeks and then on my shoulder. They were saying good-

bye to a stranger, completely unknown, not of their blood relation, not their co-relation, not their co-citizen, not even knowing the real cause of his flight from Bangladesh.

I reached Kathmandu on 16th April, 1972 and as per advice of my friend and host Janab Muhammad Muslim I went direct to the Embassy of Pakistan. I was just entering the reception room, two gentle men were stepping down from the stairs. I could not recognize them. I did not expect that in that foreign land I would meet some one who was not only my acquaintance, rather relation too.

They recognized me and embraced me and laughed in a loud voice. I came to my senses and recognized them. One was Dr. Habibullah, brother-in-law of Nargis and the other was Ashraffuzzaman, Dhaka university student and a veteran Al-Badar leader. Dr. Habibullah was always clean shaved; Now he had grown big mustaches that made difficult to recognize him, and Ashraf was clean shaved also; before hand he had very small beard.

They had been waiting for me at the reception. I went upstairs to meet His Excellency, the Ambassador of Pakistan. He very kindly called me in, talked to me and asked for arrangements for my boarding and lodging and granted an amount for my daily expenditure.

Before two days of my arrival at Kathmandu, Dr. Habibullah arrived with his wife Mrs. Bilquis and three

daughters Rooma, Ruba, Suma. They were living in a house, arranged by Pakistani Embassy. Dr. Sahib took me with him to his house. My pleasure knew no bounds to see them there in a foreign Land. After 16th December, 1971 this was my first meeting with them.

In my first meeting with His Excellency, the Ambassador of Pakistan told me that he would manage my visa for Nepal if I could arrange P.T.A from Pakistan. The government was unable to bear my fare.

Thereafter, I wrote a letter to Muhtram Mian Tofail Mohammad, the then Amir of Pakistan Jamaat-e-Islami. I very kindly asked for sending P.T.A for Dr. Habibullah and his family members and for myself.

We reached Karachi Airport on 17th May, 1972 at about 2 a. m. When we were crossing the counter for going out we were stopped by C.I.A men. They asked us several questions. They were, perhaps, in a mood not to allow us to leave the Airport. I took the telephone directory, found out the number of Muhtram Mahmud Azam Faruqi, MNA. He was not at home. One kind hearted female member received the phone.

When the C.I.A men saw that the men whom they had stopped were not such ordinary men as they seemed to be allowed to leave the Air port.

Muhtram Syed Asif Ali Sahib was then Acting Amir of Karachi Jamaat and Janab Abdul Rashid Sahib was Acting Secretary. Central Jamaat let them know about our arrival. Some one went to the Airport to receive us but they did not find us. Perhaps they had been searching for us when we were stopped in a C.I.A. room.

When we came out of the Air port it was completely calm. We hired a taxi and went to a hotel at Sadar. Next morning we went to Jamaat office at Aram Bagh, and met the leaders.

Jamaat managed for our boarding and lodging at the residence of Muslim Sajjad Murad, younger brother of Khurram Murad, confined in Indian jail as a prisoner of war in those days. One day Professor Ghulam Azam, Amir of East Pakistan jamaat-e-Islami came to see us. He came to Pakistan before the war of 1971 to attend National Assembly session, which could not be held and Professor Sahib with some other MNAS had been stranded in Pakistan.

After a stay of ten days at Sajjad murad's residence we proceeded to Lahore as we were the guests of central Jamaat. We reached Lahore on 26th may 1972 at about 8 o'clock at night Three Bengali speaking jamaat workers including one Maulana Ali Hussain, a student of Dhaka University and an Al-Badar and also an acquaintance of Dr Habibullah and his wife came to Lahore station to

receive us. From station we were taken direct to 5. A. Zildar Park, Ichra, Lahore, central office of Jamaat-e-Islami.

Dr. Habibullah's wife was taken to inner circle to meet our Muhtarima Begum syed Maududi and Dr. Habibullah and myself to Jamaat Guest House. We took our bath became fresh and went to Jamaat office. Muhtaram Chaudhry Rahmat Elahi, Secretary, Central Jamaat came very kindly to welcome us. Professor Ghulam Azam was already there. I intended to meet Syed Maududi. Who was then very much busy in his study. Professor Ghulam Azam, due to his extreme regard for Syed did not like that we should disturb his reverend leader. Chaudhry Sahib read my face. He took me to Syed. The Syed very much gladly shook hand with me, heard me and expressed his thanks to the Lord of the Universe for whose cause we migrated. I took Syed's leave after five minutes and went to the guest house.

Dr. Habibullah and his family had been provided a home at Rahmanpura, Lahore. I was residing at the Guest house. We had been sanctioned a daily allowance for meeting regular expenditure. I cannot say in detail about the allowance and expenditure of Dr. Habibullah. As for myself, I can say that, I was very much ashamed of asking Baitul Maal Secretary or Secretary General for giving me any money. It was Maulana Abul Husain who kept the liason between me and jamaat.

All of a sudden I got a letter from Mohiuddin, my third brother-in-law from Kathmandu. He wrote that he had reached Kathmandu along with his sister Nargis and the children. Now I should manage for their departure.

Mohiuddin, a student of class VIII joined Al-Badar, courageous, energetic and dynamic than his age. He was also wanted by Mukti Bahinee. He had to live in disguise in different places. When he saw that I was successful in leaving Bangladesh and reaching Pakistan, he became encouraged. He got out of Dhaka alone, reached Calcutta and then Katiyar (Bihar). He went back to Dhaka and there from to Lakshmi pur. He met his sister and found her in such a condition that he thought it wise to take and lead her with him to Pakistan. when I think of the strong step taken by a young boy of only fourteen years, I wonder.

Both brother and sister reached Dhaka. My Saima and Taneem were with them. My father-in-law contacted Janab Abdul Salam, an Urdu speaking old aged member of Jamaat-e-Islami and induced him to take the charge of Nargis.

Janab Abdus Salam Sahib agreed and on an appointed day a small caravan of Abdul Salam's family, Nargis, Saima, Taneem and Mohiuddin left Bangladesh.

ROUTLEDGE

Facing much difficulties and harassment from Mukti Bahinee the caravan reached Calcuta, then Katihar, then Kathmandu. In the train towards Katihar, Nargis lost her purse where she had a small amount of Rupees five hundred. The time was so odd that my mother-in-law had to sewe a cut piece of window pardah of Dr. Habibullah's house for Saima and Taneem. Till to-day those under wears are with me and as a token of remembrance of Nargis I open the suitcase and see those wears from time to time. To me these two underwears made of course cloth are more valuable than silk.

Again I knocked at the door of Jamaat for assistance. Muhtram Advocate Abdus Salam Salimee, the then Asst. Secretary General was given the charge of sending P.T.A. for Nargis and my children.

On 5th August, 1972 Nargis reached Karachi Airport. Janab Shuaun Nabi, an energetic, enthusiastic and a dedicated Jamaat worker and a member of PIAC went into the aeroplane to receive Nargis.

The same scene. Nargis was catching the right hand of

Saima and carrying Taneem on her left shoulder. She was proceeding to the Exit. I met her. She looked at me with a deep and long glance. I asked her how she was. The same reply, short and calm, 'well', No other word. No question and no reply. We were proceeding to Jamaat office.

I had rupees fifty given by central jamaat. Janab Chaudhry Rehamt Elahi gave a letter for Karachi Jamaat for providing tickets for Lahore. Nargis reached at night. With Janb Shuaun Nabi there were four other Bengali Jamaat workers who reached before me via Arakan. I invited them to eat next mid-day meal with me at jamaat office. Their was a kitchen. We got benefit from this for two days.

In the morning I did my purchase and told Nargis about the luncheon. She did not raise any objection. cooked rice, mutton and pulse. I entertained the guests.

After two days we left for Lahore. For the remaining journey I had only rupees thirteen. Two children were with me. I did not think about their milk. I did not think about the journey expenditure for two days. We were travelling by Khaiber Mail. The entire night the entire day passed with that 'big' amount of rupees thirteen and when we reached Lahore station my pocket was empty.

We had been living at Rahmanpura New Madrasah. It was closed for holiday. We gathered the furniture in a

corner and made the floor our bed. Mohiuddin was also living with us.

One evening I went to perform Namaz-e-Asr and listen to Syed Maududi at Ichra. There I met some Ikhwanul Muslemein member. He was residing at jamaat guest house. I met him and invited him to have breakfast with me. He came along with the incharge, Darul Uruba. Nargis prepared Paratha and chicken for them. They took breakfast with us in two consecutive mornings I did not think for a moment that I myself was a needy person, why should I be so hospitable, so callous.

During 1971 crises Jamaat sent a delegation consisting of a few west Pakistani leaders of different areas to have contact with the Army officials of their respective areas.

I met Janab Chaudhry Nazir Ahmed, head Master of a high school, Rinala khurd, Sahiwal and Janab Nazir Ahmed of Shakhupura at Magh Bazar, Dhaka.

On the basis of that previous contact I wrote a letter to him giving the news of my arrival in Lahore. He was very much pleased to hear the news. Within a week he came along with two jamaat workers in a jeep to take us with him. I agreed. I thought that he was inviting us for a week. But in his mind he had chalked another plan which I could not realize due to short coming of Urdu Language.

At Rinala khurd we spent about seven days. One day I proposed to Chaudhry Sahib to permit us to leave for Lahore. He was very much displeased. A kind, benevolent, ever ready to sacrifice for the cause of Jamaat and a large hearted man could not bear my proposal. Then it was disclosed that he wanted us to remain there permanently. He was planing to purchase a buffalo for us and to

get my children into a missionary school e.t.c I could not agree. Mentally I was not prepared for this.

There was another side of the view. He assured central Jamaat leaders to take our responsibility. Now if I go back to Lahore his position would be down. But I was adamant. After living for about a month we left for Lahore. In the middle of the month, before the advent of Ramazan we were invited at Ukara by Mian Abdul Aziz a local Jamaat leader and personal friend of Chaudhry Sahib, Nargis was taken to the roof for evening sitting with the female members. The cement work was fresh and Nargis kept her one of the legs upon that fresh Work. Till to-day the sign of her foot-step reminds them Nargis presence at that house. During this visit they had presented a saree to Nargis and kurta-shalwar suit for Taneem. Taneem used it for three years.

On our way to Lahore we stopped at Pak Patan to meet Professor Syed Humayun a member of Jamaat, a poet, a leader of Tanzim-e-Asataza, Pakistan and a large hearted patriot Pakistani and also a lover of Syed Maududi. I saw him weeping bitterly while following the funeral procession of Syed as if his real father was being taken to the Maidan for Namaz-e-Janaza.

We reached Lahore from Renala khurd by the last week of Ramazan. On the night of Eid-ul-Fitr some jamaat workers came to see me and gave an amount of Eidee to

my children. Might be it was Fitra.

On Eid day I along with Mohiuddin, Saima and Taneem went to Jamia Ashrafia Masjid to perform Namaz-e-Eid-ul-Fitr. I took my place just behind my reverend leader Syed Maududi who used chair during prayer due to his knee-pain.

On my return from Eid-gah I went direct to say Eid Mubarak to Nargis and proposed to invite a few local jamaat workers. They were all my neighbours. Nargis agreed. She knew my habit. Alas! If she ever opposed my whim.

The guests came and dined with us and praised highly the cooking of Nargis. They very much liked Dhaka style polau and qurma and siewayan, My sister-in-law helped her in cooking.

The guests took leave. My sister-in-law was there. On my inquiry they said that not a single piece of chicken was left. Of course, I bought 3 kg. chicken and guests were in total eight. I was very much shocked. This was my craze and madness of hospitality and this was Nargis' surrender to my whim.

On 10th November, 1972 after the breakfast I sat with Saima and Taneem to teach them ABCD and Mohiuddin was reading in another room. Nargis went to the kitchen for remaining work. Suddenly we heard a cry of Nargis. She was crying I jumped to the courtyard, Nargis, my Nargis was trying to put off fire that was burning her saree. This was a fatal case for me. I lost my sense. I could not think of how to put off fire. I was trying to save her by putting off fire with naked hands. But could not be successful. Her Saree burnt, her petty coat burnt, her blouse burnt, her back was seriously burnt. Mohiuddin threw a pail of water to her. that became more detrimental. However, the fire extinguished. Nargis stopped crying but continuous calling of Allah, Allah was there, I took her to a coach and told Mohiuddin to call his elder sister and brother-in-law. They were living on the same street at a short distance.

They came and managed to take Nargis to Ganga Ram Hospital. My left hand was severely burnt. Due to such sort of sudden incident I lost my fifty percent sense. Jamaat workers rushed to the Hospital. Nargis was admitted into the Hospital in a semi-Private Room. After four or five

days she was transferred to a private room. The moment Nargis was admitted in the Hospital and given first treatment she became calm as if she had no injury. I was taken to Dr. Habibullah's residence.

On 16th November, 1972, I stood along with Dr. Habibullah and Mohiuddin by her bed-side, Saima and Taneem were also with me. Dr. Habibullah asked Nargis whether she could recognize Saima and Taneem. She replied in a very low voice, 'yes'. Then addressing her brother Mohiuddin said, "Do not beat Saima and Taneem and take care of them."

She did not look at me. She said nothing to me. Nargis' elder sister Mrs. Bilquis and some other female workers attended Nargis day and night. During these last few years many of them have left this world.

On the evening of 22nd November, I was taken to hospital by whom I cannot remember now. Nargis became too much weak as she had also some other complications.

I went to her sick-bed. She was sleeping I did not like to disturb her. As Mrs. Habibullah and a female Jamaat worker, strictly pardah observing lady, were there, I went to a vacant room and had been waiting for Namaz-e-Maghrib, I left Nargis while she was asleep. She did not open her eyes again. I just finished three Rakat Farz. Mrs

Habibullah rushed to my room and said, "Every thing finished, Nargis has gone."

On hearing this sad news I ran to her bed and found her sleeping, both the eyes closed, I moved her head, tried to feel her nerves. But she had gone, gone forever to meet her Lord, the Lord of the Universe leaving her dearest daughter Saima and Taneem to me to see another tragic scene after twenty five years after her death. She was buried on the same night she died. Maulana Mazhari Sahib lead Namaz-e-janaza. Mian To. fail Muhammad Sahib, chaudhry Rahmat Elahi Sahib, Advocate Aslam Salimi, Rana Allah Dad Sahib and hundreds of Jamaat leaders and workers attended the Namaz-e-janaza. My leader, Syed Maududi and Syed Asad Ghilani came next morning to express their condolence. Chaudhry Nazir Ahmed of Rinala Khurd came after four days. Prof. Abdul Ghafor Ahmed, vice president Jamaat-e-Islami, Pakistan sent a telegraphic condolence message.

Crossing a deep, fathomless sea of sufferings and sorrows Nargis reached Pakistan with a hope on 5th August, 1972 and leaving behind a sad history of her memory and two small kids, Saima five years old daughter and Taneem, two years and eight months old son she left this world on 22nd November, 1972. After twenty five years her son Taneem left this world on 22nd March 1998. Mother burnt, son drowned. How tragic, how pathetic! How happy as both of them are shaheed and tragic as

both of them dried before complete blossoming! How can I console myself! How can I get relief from mental agony and fathomless sorrows!

Who knows what is written in one's lot. Nargis died in the month of November, 1972. In the same month, when she was under treatment, another stranded family reached Islamabad from Kathmandu It was Advocate Afazuddin MNA's family. He came to west Pakistan to attend National Assembly Session and after the fall of Dhaka was stranded in Pakistan. He bought his family just as I had bought Nargis. After the death of Nargis he came to Lahore along with his sons Janab Fakhruzzaman and janab Asaduzaman to condole me.

The teachers of Bengali Department, Karachi University opted for Bangladesh and there arose vacancy. Professor Dr. Ali Ashraf, head of the Department of English was appointed head of Bengali Department. He was successful in inducing and convincing university authority not to close Bengali Department.

There published an advertisement for the post of a lecturer in Bengali Department. My brother-in-law engineer Muhammad Mazhar-ul-Islam, then NED student sent the cutting of advertisement to me. I applied and was called for interview. I appeared.

I was appointed as a lecturer in Bengali Department and

joined my duty on 26th January, 1973. I left Saima and Taneem with their real khala in Lahore. On 7th February, 1973 I brought them to Karachi and kept them with a Pakistani Urdu speaking family His name is Syed Fahim Akhter, I was introduced to him at Ichra when he came to perform Namaz-e-Asr with Syed Maududi. He was then a bank employee at a Lahore Branch. I shall remain ever grateful to this family.

Some of Al-Badr friends who came either via Kathmandu or Arakan or crossing Indian border on foot and I myself had been living in a house called East Pakistan House at Tinhatti. Having considered the trouble I was giving to Syed Fahim's Family I brought Saima and Taneem there. Both the sister and brother became victim of chicken pox. During these days Barrister Qurban Ali, Ex Director, Daily Sangram, Dhaka came from Dubai. He also after facing troublesome days reached Dubai any how. He saw me getting trouble with Saima and Taneem. Taneem had high temperature fever. Next day he went to Islamabad government hostel and became the guest of his old friend Advocate Afazuddin and induced him to give his daughter Asmat Ara in marriage with me. One of his convincing statements was reported to me later on, was, "In one hand Mohiuddin is suffering with his children, on the other hand your daughter is a grown up girl, to be married as early as possible, where shall you get a Bengali boy here-hurry up and accept Mohiuddin."

My father-in-law was a considerate personality. Himself an advocate admitted the argument put forward by a Barrister. He shifted from Islamabad to Karachi and hired a house in the same premises of East Pakistan house.

The marriage was celebrated on 24th October 1973 at Tinhatti at the residence of house owner in a very simple manner. Syed Munawwar Hassan Sahib gave Rupees two thousand from Jamaat's fund to meet the expenditure.

Taneem's new mother Asmat Ara was a student of class X at Ranipur high school, Rajshahi, she was only seventeen years old when she was married to me. She gladly accepted Saima and Taneem as her real children. In character, in manner, in behaviour, in sacrifice she is equal to Nargis. The only difference is that she did not bear them in her womb. Otherwise, nobody could ever say that she was not real mother.

Asmat Ara has five real sons. They complain that their mother loves Saima and Taneem much more than she loves them. She fulfilled all of the desires of Saima and Taneem so far our economic condition allowed. Being a chronic patient of severe migraine headache and blood pressure she never refused to cook for the entertainment of Taneem's friends and Saima's father-in-law side relation. If any time Taneem was not present at luncheon or dinner his share would be separated and preserved-might he be remained absent for two or three days. I am very grateful to my Lord that He very kindly gave me real alternative of Nargis.

I was always an early riser. I cherished the idea that my children should follow me at least in this respect. In early morning, I used to awake Saima and Taneem and take them to open streets or parks for morning walk. on such an occasion I was introduced to professor Syed Matinur Rehamn Murtaza, teaching in the Dept. of Mass Communication, Karachi University. In those days both of us had been living at block No. 17, Rahimabad, F.B. Area Karachi. I got Saima and Taneem commit to memory a few surahs of Holy Quran and a few English verses at such occasions. Still, Professor Murtaza reminds me of the first meeting at a park.

Another thing always I kept in my mind. That is Namaz with Jamaat. When I came to D-23, Staff Town, Karachi University campus, Karachi, there was only a Masjid near Administration Block. It was far away from residential area specially from Double 'D' Area. I occupied D-23 on 10th December, 1975 in the morning I was thinking of

Namaz-e-Zohar where to perform Namaz. By this time a call for Namaz was heard from somewhere. I came out of room and saw that Janab Alimuddin Qadri my next door neighbour was calling for Namaz. My joy knew no bound at this. A great problem was solved.

Janab Qadri Sahib had chosen a small area of 150 sq. ft. and spread a chattai for Namaz. There were only six to offer prayer in scorching heat. They were Prof. Matinur Rehman Murtaza, Janab Alimuddin Qadri Sahib, Janab Mustainur Rehman Murtaza, brother of Syed Matin, a University student Taneem and myself. In this condition we performed five times Namaz for about two months. Thereafter, we decided to have a few yards cemented and half walled. For this purpose we raised a small fund contributing Rupees fifty each, the plan was executed, Time going on. In the month of Ramazan what would be about Travah Professor Abdul Shaheed (at that time neither professor nor Ph.D.) is a Quran hafiz. why should we not get his service? There was some Psychological hitch. It was due to my encouragement this hitch was removed and we performed first Namaz-e-Travah; Otherwise we had to go to Administration Masjid or new Madrasah crossing a Katcha road threatened with darkness and snakes. In those days there was no light on the road.

Dr. Saleheen of P.C.S.I.R. used to perform Namaz-e-Maghrib at this Masjid of one and a half a block, from time to time, one day he proposed to provide money for

permanent construction. Nobody was ready to accept his offer. Because for permanent construction University authority's permission was necessary. In case, permission was not given permanent construction could not be done. Without permission who would dare play with fire. The matter was subsided, again Dr. Saleheen came and said, "Please for God's sake do something. How long will you suffer?"

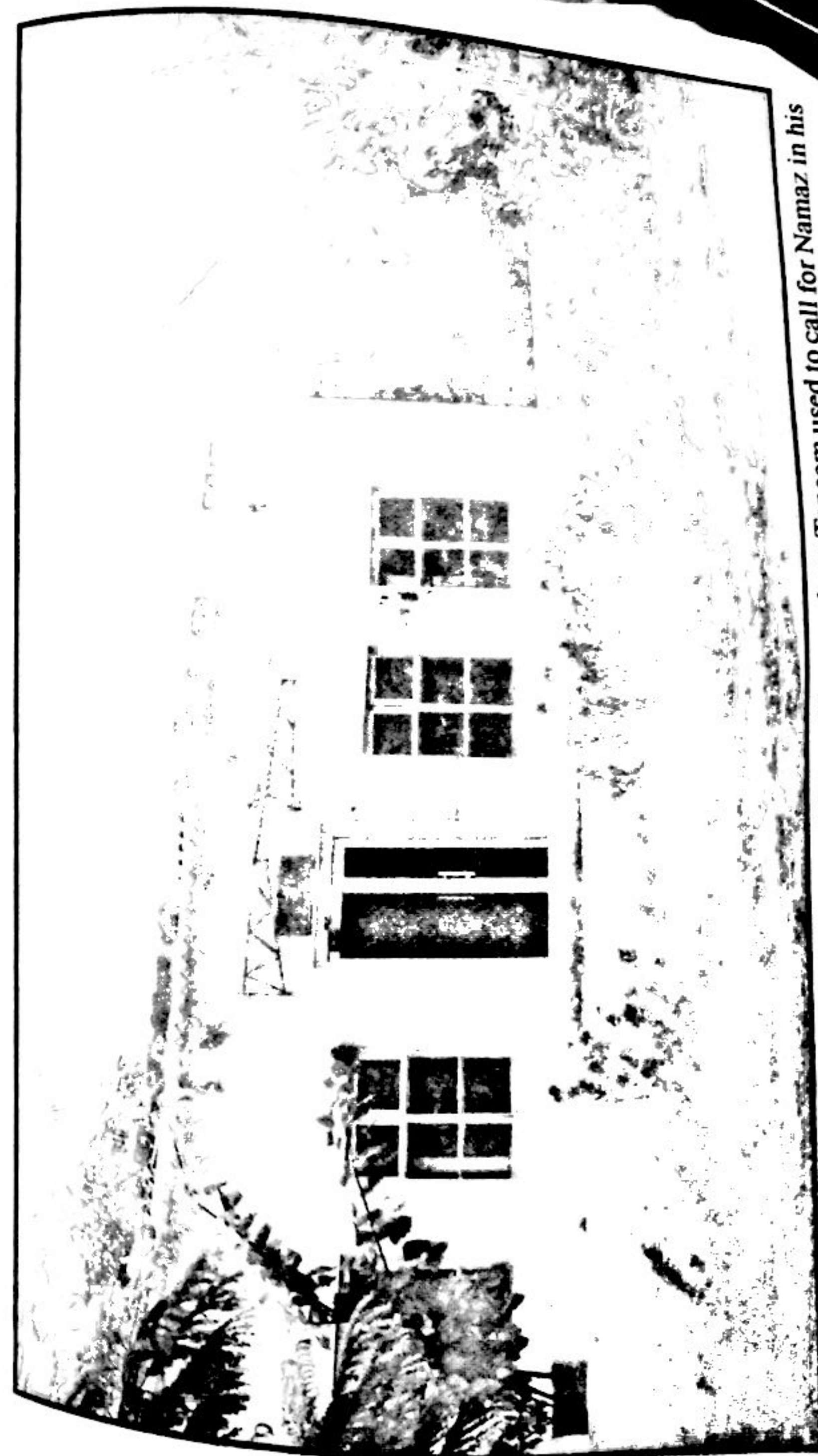
When Dr. Saleheen saw that nobody was accepting his offer, he instead of being frustrated, did another thing. He brought about one thousand blocks and 10 bags of cement and kept them in the premises of Masjid and contacted some important persons to accept it and start construction. Nobody accepted this offer too. He came to me at my residence and narrated the whole story and said, "You are the only man who can do this job. If you do not accept, cement will be damaged."

That was the month of July and there was every possibility of rain. I felt pity for him. I surrendered to his request and next day started construction work. I had to stand under mid-day sun, I had to water the newly built walls. I had to hire labours; not a single person helped me in this respect. That is why, when I was submitting accounts to Dr. Saleheen, I put up a peculiar head, 'rupees one thousand four hundred Mohiuddin's labour charge.'

His eyes enlarged. His veins of forehead appeared dis-

tinctly. But said nothing. He could not understand the irony. He believed that my statement was true. He conveyed to those who did not dare face the vice chancellor for irregular and illegal Masjid. They also believed it. Till today when they talk of my contribution in construction of the Masjid, they flatly say that I took remuneration for this job. Alas! How could I tell them that they did not know Mohiuddin Chaudhry, I simply smile within myself, when I hear this. For Taneem I came forward to construct illegal Masjid. It is at a few yards distance from D-23. Taneem used to offer Namaz here, and sometimes call for Namaz in his melodious voice. Talha and Taha became Hafiz-e-Quran here in this Masjid. From outside, the Masjid seems to be a hut, but from within it is more comfortable, soothing and majestic. But for this Masjid young boys can offer Namaz with jamaat, other wise hardly any one would go to central masjid-e-Ibrahim five times a day.

For making the environment of the Masjid pure and wholesome I have grown a garden of fruits, a rose garden, and three lawns. I have been physically doing earth work of these gardens for the last eighteen years. Thus Allah has given me a chance to follow the foot steps of Ansars of Madina who were basically gardeners and agriculturists.



Masjid-e-Rahman near Double D type flats and C type Houses where Taneem used to call for Namaz in his boyhood.

The Garden around Masjid-e-Rahman where I have been working as a gardener for the last eighteen years and Taneem donated some amount for this garden from his earning.



As for education, specially primary education, I have always believed that children should be admitted in a school of their own locality, at such a distance that they could go and come on foot. It is mere injustice and physical torture to the children that just for showing and proving their social status they should be sent in a bus, micro-bus or van to a school, situated far away from home that requires for some two or three hours just for journey. Even those who have personal transport often face serious problem in this regard.

Similarly, as for secondary education they should be sent to such schools situated not far away than three miles. In 1975 I found a primary school on the campus run by Karachi University Old Boys Association. Had University Administration and the Association been much interested it could be proved to be one of the best schools of Karachi, however the children of low-income employees are admitted in this school. I got Saima and Taneem ad-

mitted here.

There was no secondary school on the campus and there was no headache also for this. I fail to understand why the university authority did not give any importance to this matter. I think, the basic reason was that the teachers and officers felt proud of sending their wards to Mama Parsi school, St. Joseph, St. Peters, St. Patric school Grammar School e.t.c. If there was any school on the campus, admission to the wards of clerks and messengers could not be avoided. How could they tolerate that their sons and daughters would sit side by side on the same bench with those 'peculiar creatures'.

From 1976 to 1980 I approached the Vice Chancellor Registrars and office bearers of KUTS to start a High School. But there was no positive result. At last being desperate I approached the Vice Chancellor Professor Masum Ali Tirmizi and told that if he was ready to allot a small piece of land for the construction of a high school Building. I could arrange fund for this. He said 'yes'.

Thereupon I approached a resourceful man of the city and told him the story he said that if the University allotted land he would assist with rupees eight lac initially and increase the amount according to requirement.

For this purpose, I formed a society, 'Islamic Education Society' by name, got it registered and then applied for

land I invited a few of my friends, explained to them the matter and sought their assistance They agreed. I am grateful to them.

'The early the better' is always my policy of executing any plan. Waiting for great preparation sometime spoils the entire plan programme.

Contributing Rupees five only from my pocket we started the work. 'Islamic Education Society' was formed, constitution was framed, the society was registered and the school started function every thing just in one month. I am thankful to Professor M.A. Sami who allowed us to use his motor garage to start class VI. The name of this school is 'Dr. Mahmud Husain High School.'

Thirteen students had been admitted in the very opening year of the school. Taneem was one of them. After five years first batch appeared in SSC Examination in 1985. We started the school with such female teachers who were associated with Islami Jamiat-e-Talba of our University.

Whatever the out look of the school was, we wanted to hold an opening ceremony. The Vice-Chancellor agreed to be the chief guest, but on the appointed day he excused.

I am thankful to Professor Tirmizi that he allotted D-7, for the school. He started delay-delay tactics for the al-

The Motor Garage at C-35 Occupied by Prof. Dr. Abdul Sami, Dept. of Chemistry, Karachi University. Class 71 of Dr. Mahmud Husain High School was started at this Garage and Taneem was the first enrolled student among 13 students. This group of students was the first batch appeared in S. S. C. Examination in 1985.



lotment of land. Even the syndicate members who initially supported the case, opposed in the meeting. I went to Janab Abdul Sattar Afghani and requested him to write a letter to Dr. Tirmizi for providing a house for the school. Only then the Vice-chancellor allotted D-7.

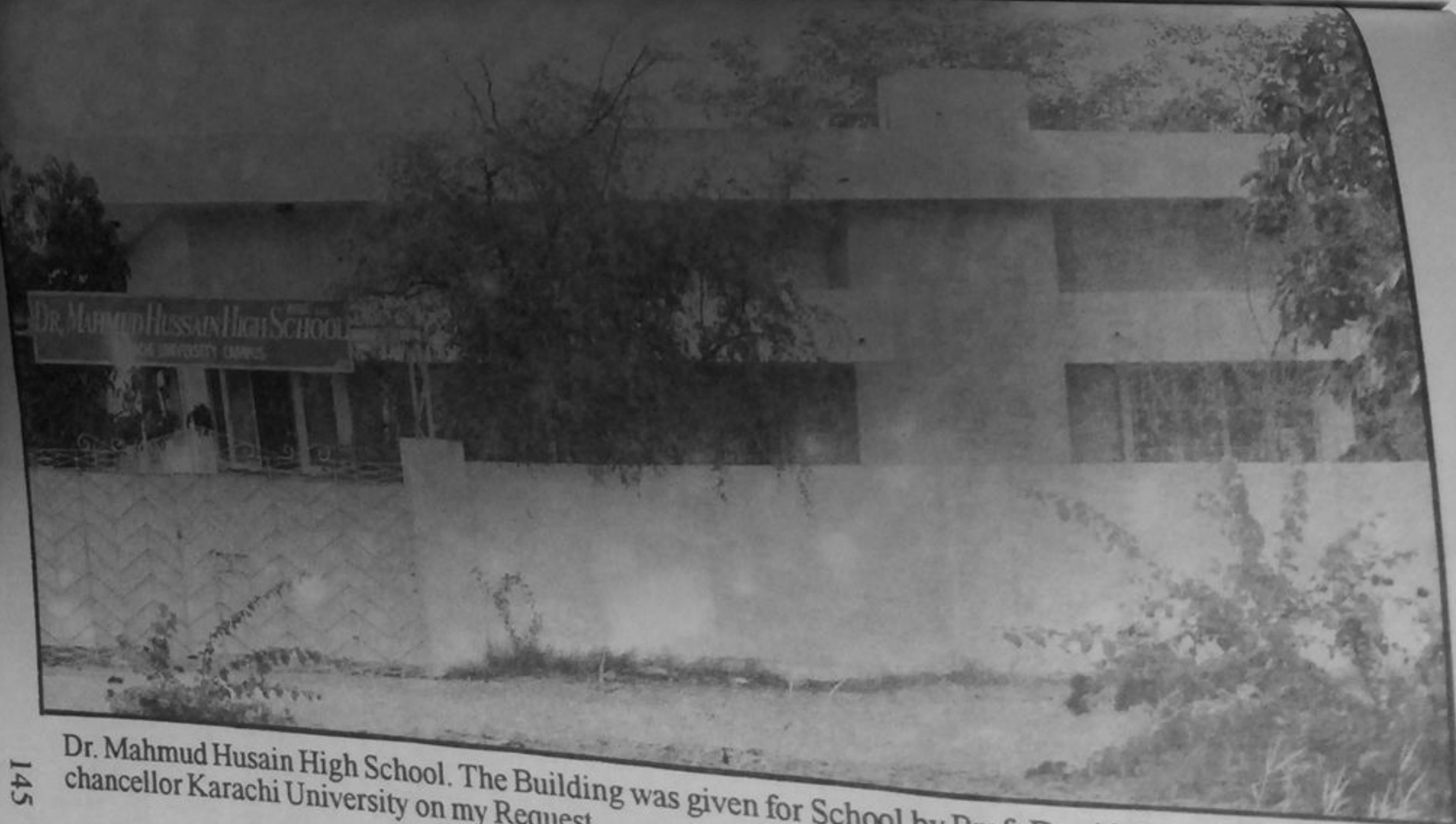
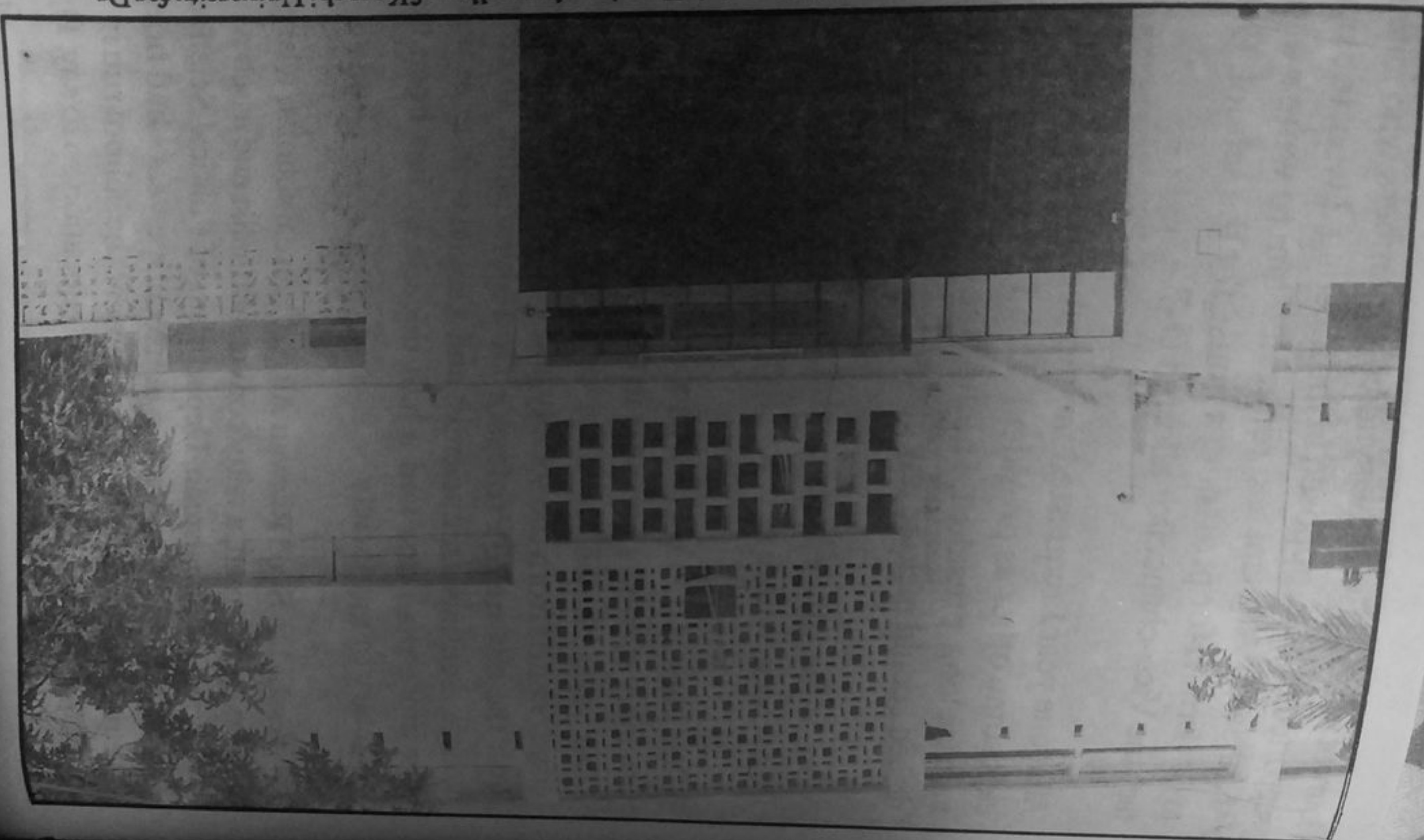
After one year I requested the members of the society to elect some other as president. Had I wished I could remain life long president, I framed the constitution and if I wished I could include any clause for my interest.

Most of the office bearers did not send their wards in their school, where as it was their moral obligation.

When I heard that there was a whisper that 'Mohiuddin Chaudhry started a business in the name of school. After a few years he will leave for Bangladesh', I got myself disassociated from the society and the school and handed over the charge to Professor Dr. Fahimuddin, an energetic and enthusiastic scientist and a social worker as well. For more than one and a half decade he has been the secretary of the society.

Professor Dr. Syed Rizwan Ali rizvi, a real scholar, a large hearted gentleman, a witty conversationalist and a benevolent friend Ex-chairman, Department of Political Science, Karachi University for ten consecutive years had been the president under his management the school run in a befitting manner. For the cause of education so to say, Dr.

D-7, was allotted by Professor Dr. Masum Ali Tarmizi, Ex-vice chancellor of Karachi University for Dr. Mahmud Husain High School in 1980. This building was used for several years and Taneem did his S. S. C. from this Building.



Dr. Mahmud Husain High School. The Building was given for School by Prof. Dr. Abdul Wahab, Ex-vice chancellor Karachi University on my Request.

Mahmud Hussain High School he sacrificed much. The school could become financially sound due to his personal endeavor.

The man who promised to provide rupees eight lac gave not a single paisa when he saw that university was not allotting land for the school. But by His grace the school is there on the campus and inshallah will remain.

I always wanted to satisfy Taneem in all respect. For providing him things according to his taste and choice I had to even borrow money. From his very childhood, he was exceptionally a stylish one. In his youth he reminded me of Quaid-e-Azam.

As regards to training and formal and informal education to my children I observed check and balance policy. I know about the childhood and boyhood of some of the great men, both Hindu and Muslim of this sub-continent. I have been inspired from their life.

I had to rebuke my children, I had put them in questions for any wrong doing, even I had to use cane, all these with good intentions of making them good citizens of Pakistan and a refined member of muslim ummah.

To-day, I am alive; tomorrow I may not be here. They

will live. They will serve Pakistan. They will earn good name for Muslim ummah, if I have to be harsh and rude, I shall have to be.

But whenever I used harsh words for Taneem I became impolite to him, I myself got severe pain within myself I shed tears of blood, I tore my heart into pieces. Why? Nargis' last four words to her brother 'Do not beat them' not to me direct, peeped into my mind, I could not satisfy her last desire, I had to beat her son. (though a mild slap or a mild caning).

Taneem was very much loved by one of my close Associates, Muhammad Fazle Azim by name. Who is Fazle Azim? He is nowadays a member of jamaat-e-Islami, Bangladesh and a multi millionaire business man. I met him in a marriage ceremony when he was a student of class X and myself in B.A 1st year. The meeting was on the occasion of Namaz. When most of the guests retired and I was waiting for a company of my brother's father-in-law, a young boy said, 'If you like to perform Namaz-e-Esha you can do so with us.'

Saying so he entered into the Masjid and started saying 'Takbeer'. Then he took the position of imam. Hurriedly I performed ablution and joined the jamaat. It happened in the year of 1959. Till today I remember the verses he recited in the first two rakat. There was no talk, no conversation, But I computerised him in my memory.

I met him the second time in front of the office of Bengali Department, Dhaka university he was then a student of Dhaka college and Bengali department. He could not recognize me and I also avoided him.

I met him for the third time when I was serving Noakhali college and he was appointed as a lecturer of Economics of this college. I was in the waiting room and he just entered I introduced myself and he himself.

He had been facing lodging problem in those days I offered my residence, because Nargis had gone to Dhaka for two months.

He accepted my offer and fixed a time to reach my home bags and baggage. But two days gone he did not come. I went to him and wanted to know the reason. He said, "I have been reported that you are a dangerous man of the town, I have also been advised not to live at your residence,"

I said,

"Give up other's opinion, let me know yours."

He was hesitant.

When he was a student of Dhaka College he was influenced by student's Union, leftist by nature. When he was in Dhaka university he became the member of Central Executive council, Students Union.

With this background he joined Noakhali College. He was reluctant to live with me for what reason he knew best. On my ardent repeated request he said, "I can only live at your house on one condition." He replied, "You will never request or tell me to read jamaat-e-Islami literature; you will not give me Tafhimul Quran; you will not recite Tafhimul Quran aloud."

I said, "I accept the condition."

He came along with me without his bags and baggage.

He lived with me for one month. In those days I had been suffering from Gastric Ulcer. I used to cook food for myself, now he had been enlisted, I washed his under garments in his absence, I changed his bed sheets. During those thirty days I strictly followed his conditions.

After one month the college was closed for a month. He went to his village home on a scorching sunny day at about 2 o'clock.

I reached his village home on foot. He was very much surprised. He entertained me with lunch 'restricted diet'. There after, in a relaxing moment I placed a book 'Islamic culture' before him. He took it had a glance at it and tried to return it to me. I said, "This is a humble gift for you, please accept it and if you like have a glance on it." He accepted.

There after, such a revolutionary change ushered in his life that he joined Jamaat-e-Islami as a supporter, then became member of the party, became joint secretary, Jamaat-e-Islami, Noakhali District, resigned from the service of a Govt. College, contested general election in 1970 for MPA, became defender of Pakistan ideology, had to flee from one place to another leaving behind wife and children.

There were some others, Janab Maqbul Ahmed resigned from his school job, Professor Mushfiqur Rehman from his Feni college, Professor Abdul Hye from his Comilla Victoria College on my request, they dedicated every thing for the cause of Jamaat-e-Islami and jamaat-e-Islami has been struggling for Islamic Movement. Whatever Taneen suffered in his childhood, he suffered for the cause of Islamic movement. May Allah grant him Jannat ul Firdaus along with his mother Nargis.

A REQUEST TO MY SONS

My dear sons,

You are in Pakistan. You have been born in Karachi, you have got your education in Pakistan I pray to Allah to allow you to live a happy life in Pakistan. You could understand why I left Bangladesh, why I opted for Pakistan.

I could go to England, I could go to U.S.A or Canada. But intentionally I closed all doors for me. I love Pakistan. For this land my forefathers fought against Hindu and English people. My province contributed 96% in freedom fighting, in 1830s, in 1857ths in 1940s.

Here in Pakistan I am surrounded by non-Bengali speaking fellow country men. On the occasion of Taneem's death the people who mourned for us, who shared our sorrows, who supplied food for us, who participated in Namaz-e-Janazza 99% of them were Urdu speaking. what relation we have? Only one relation was the cause for the achievement of Pakistan this tie kept us in tact for twenty five years. When this thing was loosened or forgotten we killed each other; our properties damaged, our women raped and we became enemy of each other. This very thing gave me honour, prestige and a respectful position in the society, so long we shall stick to it we shall be benefited. This

will prove that Two nation theory has not been thrown into deep Bay of Bengal; it is alive, it is active and it will remain everlasting till the day of total annihilation of this universe.

My dear sons,

Pakistan is not only your birthplace, it is your identity. it is the source of your existence, it is your honour; you are for Pakistan and Pakistan is for you. This land has given you much; in return you should do something for this.

Your step mother is lying at a graveyard of Lahore; your grand father's and your grand mother's bodies have been buried at Lahore; your uncle-Khalu Dr. Habibullah, who migrated from Bangladesh in 1972 has also been buried in Lahore; your aunt Mami has been buried in Lahore. Therefore, you can easily realise what type of fascination I nourish for Pakistan, my beloved country, Islamic Republic of Pakistan.

I pray to Allah, the lord of the universe, the exalted, all powerful to safe guard your honour and prestige and give a long and healthy life.

Your affectionate father.
Saturday, May 23, 1998

the end

The News staffer, two friends drown

By our correspondent

KARACHI: A staffer of The News and his two friends drowned on Sunday in Canal Jhor Nali in Taluka Mirpur-sakro, Thatta district, where they had gone for a picnic.

The News staffer Taneem Chaudhry along with his friends Laqeeq, Masood, Melmoob, Rayaz and Wajudden went for picnic at RD-133 of Jhor Nali at Taluka Mirpur-sakro, about 40 kilometres from Thatta district. While they were swimming, a big wave turned into a whirlpool and took Taneem Chaudhry and his friends — Laqeeq and Masood — into deep water. Melmoob, Rayaz and Wajudden, however, survived.

The bodies of Taneem, Laqeeq and Masood were later recovered and handed over to their friends after medico-legal formalities. Later, they were brought to Karachi.

Taneem Chaudhry, 29, was working as a Marketing Executive (Supplement) in The News. His father Moeenuddin Chaudhry is the Chairman of Department of Bengali at the Karachi University.

Laqeeq-ur-Rehman, 33, was an employee of Shabbir Tiles Limited and Masood Ahmed Khan was a student of MBA.

Taneem's Namaz-e-Janaza was offered at 9:30 pm on Sunday at the Karachi University mosque. He has been laid to rest at the KU Graveyard. Those who attended his Namaz-e-Janaza included KU Vice-Chancellor



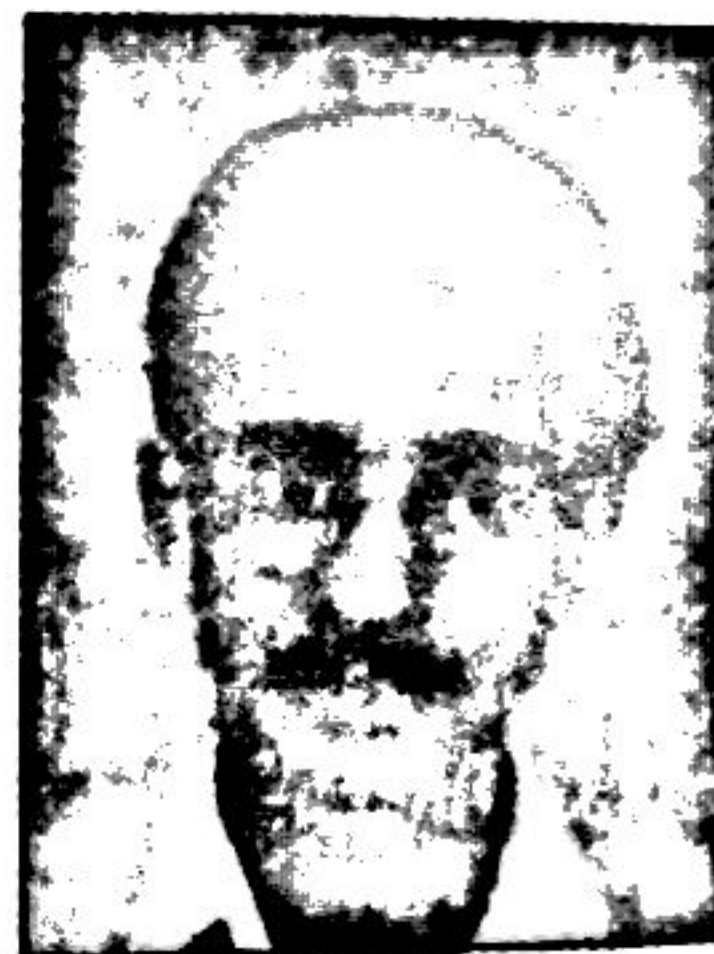
Zafar Zaidi, Jamaat-e-Islami Karachi Amir Naimatullah Khan, Executive Director of The News Sarmad Ali, friends, relatives, KU teachers and colleagues.

Taneem has left behind his father, mother, five brothers and one sister to mourn his death.

Meanwhile, The News Employees Union (CBA) has condoled the untimely death of Taneem Chaudhry, Marketing Executive (Supplements), The News Karachi.

On Bangladesh Supplement

A Tribute



Sagittarian by birth, Taneem was touchy, sensitive and a lively person. An obedient son to his parents, a caring brother to his siblings and a loving "Uncle" to his 8-month nephew, Taneem never escaped from his responsibilities in these roles.

While marketing seems rather a tough and stressful job to many, Taneem found a very refreshing break from this stressful job by composing poems. Though he did 5 or 6 supplements during this period, but never once he lacked in coordination with the editorial department which is the foremost job of a marketer, and would go out of the way to do a job.

As Sarmad Ali, Executive Director, Jang Group of Newspapers, said: "Most of the marketers are either workers or thinkers, but Taneem possessed the rare combination of a worker and thinker." Taneem always completed his job professionally and dedicatedly.

Having an utmost love with water, he could not resist his last wish to go on a fishing spree at a place, where the rice farms and his favourite "Nayyari" were waiting for him. Time and again, he expressed his immense love for his forefathers' land Bangladesh, and it is again a coincidence that his last job assignment was none other than the same favourite topic "Bangladesh", for which he did all the marketing before going on his eternal journey.

In this issue the Supplements Section would like to pay rich tribute to this lovely soul who has left a vacuum which will be felt by his colleagues both in the Marketing and Editorial departments for ever. May Allah rest his soul in eternal peace and give courage to the bereaved family to bear this loss.

Sheher Bano, Editor Supplements

"Madam, I'll get your articles on Bangladesh fed in your folder on Sunday and when you come on Tuesday, you won't have any problem in making the supplement," these were the last words which echoed when I read the news of Taneem Chaudhry's (Marketing Executive of the News), drowning.

Young, energetic, and dynamic, Taneem became very popular in a short span of 8 months after joining The News team. Considerate towards his colleagues, helpful to his juniors, and a hardworking and fine marketer, Taneem was as popular among his seniors, juniors, colleagues as was with his friends. It could be an academic problem confronting his juniors, or an official matter perplexing his colleagues he would always lend his helping hands to them irrespective of their department.

Hailing from a Bengali family, and a

Monday
March 23, 1998

Condolence

The News condoles the untimely tragic death of its Marketing Executive Taneem M Chaudhry. We join the grieved family in their hour of sorrow. May Allah rest his soul in peace and grant the bereaved family the patience and courage to bear this loss.

CITE
Independent
VIEW

PAY DAY- MAY DAY

Taneem Chaudhry Drowned

March 21. Young and smiling Taneem parted his way from his parents, friends and acquaintance. He was the eldest son of Mohiuddin Chaudry, Chairman, Department of Bengali. Taneem was an M.A. in Mass Communication and working for an English daily NEWS. He was only 26 years old.

Volume 1. No2. April 27, 1998



تعمیم چوہدری کی وقت پر اٹھار بج و نیم
کراچی (ایف بی پی) اگرچہ روزانہ کے لئے
لیا ہے مگر اس نے پھر کے ذریعہ ایک نئے
چوہدری کی آسانی سے اٹھار بج و نیم کے لئے
واپس سے اٹھار بج و نیم کے لئے کرانے
میں کوئی تبدیلی نہیں کی ہے۔ یہ ہے کہ
چوہدری 24 مارچ کو "بہار" سے "بہار" سے
نہیں ہے۔

FOUNDED BY QUAID-I-AZAM MOHAMMAD ALI JINNAH

DAWN

Vol. LII No. 80 Karachi, Zia'ud 23, 1418 Monday, March 23, 1998 36 PAGES Rs 12.00

Six Karachi picnickers drown

By Our Staff Reporter

KARACHI, March 22: Six picnickers, all from Karachi, drowned on Sunday in two separate incidents — one at Sunehra Point, near Hawkeshay, and the other in a canal in Thatta district.

Three of the six young picnickers were swept away by a heavy current of water in RD-133, a canal near Mirpur Sakhiro, some 100 kilometres from here.

The dead included Taneem Chaudhry, son of Prof Mohiuddin Chaudhry, chairman of the Bengali Department in the University of

Karachi. The young Chaudhry, who was working with the marketing section of a local English daily, drowned with Maqsood Ahmed Khan, a final-year student of MBA, and Liaqur Rehman, an employee of a tile manufacturing firm.

Three others, Mehmood Ahmed Khan, brother of deceased Maqsood, Wajihuddin and Mehmood Riyaz, managed to save themselves when a heavy current overtook them and swallowed up their colleagues in the canal, commonly known as 33-Moori.

The bodies were recovered and then handed over to relatives after autopsy.

In another fatal incident, three picnickers drowned at the Sunehri Point, near Hawkeshay. All of them were in their early twenties. Their bodies had not been found till late in the night.

The victims, identified as Imra Azhar and Fahim, were resident of Pak Colony.



23 March 1998

کراچی کے 6 نوجوان پکنک سمنار سے روئے ڈوب کر لاکھوں

ہر سال کروڑوں دی نڈز کے کارکن تنظیم چوہدری سر میں ادب کے تو انیس ہجائے کی کوشش میں لیتے اور مسود بھی ادب کے شہسلی ہائٹ آکس بے میں پکنک سمنار کے دوران کو ملادی ہو جوں نے اگل لیا نڈی کے غوطہ خور رات کے تک و میں حاصل کرتے رہے

میں چھلانگ لگا دی اور دو دنوں میں ڈوب گئے واقعہ کی اطلاع فوری طور پر ایڈ جی کے غوطہ خوروں کو دی گئی جنہوں نے کافی جہد و جد کے بعد تینوں نوجوانوں کی لاشیں سر سے نکال لیں جنہیں کراچی پانچواں گیارہ تنظیم چوہدری جامد کراچی شعبہ بنگالی کے ڈیڑمین نئی الدین اعظم نے صاحب زلمے تھے وہ چھ بن بھائیوں میں سب سے بڑے اور غیر شادی شدہ تھے اور "دی نڈز" میں مارکینگ کے شعبے سے وابستہ تھے جبکہ 35 سالہ فیق الرحمن ہر تھہ عالم آباد کے رہائشی اور مقامی ہلکھنئی میں ملازم تھے انہوں نے بیوہ اور دو بچوں کو سو گوار چھوڑا پھرتیم چوہدری کے تیسرے دوست مسعود خان بھی ہر تھہ عالم آباد ہاک۔ ایچ میں رہائش پذیر تھے انہوں نے جامد کراچی سے اسٹیکس میں ایم ایس سی کیا خالو آج ان کی 25 روہیں ساگرہ جی وہ بھی مقامی کھنئی میں مارکینگ کے شعبے سے وابستہ تھے دریں اثنا پاک کالونی سے کئی دوست پکنک کے لئے ہاکس بے کے قریب سنری ہائٹ گئے جہاں عمران 'نیم اور اکر سندھ میں خائے ہوئے ڈوب گئے واقعہ کی اطلاع پہنچے خائے میں دی گئی جس کے بعد نڈی کے غوطہ خور لاشیں تلاش کر رہے ہیں۔



تنظیم چوہدری

کراچی (اتفاق رپورٹر) کراچی کے چھ نوجوان اتوار کو پکنک سمنار سے روئے ڈوب کر لاکھوں میں سنری ہائٹ میں سندھ میں خائے ہوئے ڈوب کر ہلاک ہو گئے دی نڈز کے کارکن تنظیم چوہدری سر میں ادب کے تو انیس ہجائے کی کوشش میں لیتے اور مسود بھی ادب کے شہسلی ہائٹ آکس بے میں پکنک سمنار کے دوران کو ملادی ہو جوں نے اگل لیا نڈی کے غوطہ خور رات کے تک و میں حاصل کرتے رہے



23 March 1998

کراچی کے 6 نوجوان پکنک سمنار سے روئے ڈوب کر لاکھوں

پکنک کے لئے سمنار جانے والے 3 نوجوان سر میں ڈوب گئے ہاکس بے میں 3 نوجوان سندھ کی لہروں کی نظر سر میں ڈوبنے والے لہروں میں جامد کراچی کے بدستور کا جاتیم چوہدری بھی شامل ہے 'مردم کی بھلا سے دہشت تھے

رہنے والے ہیں۔ ان میں سے ایک محمد سلیم جو قسیم کا بھائی ہے کسی طرح بچ جانے میں کامیاب ہو گیا ہے ایک پرائیوٹ چھل میں طبعی اور دیواری ہے۔ 17 مارچ کی صبح 10 بجے لاپتہ ہوئے والے تین نوجوانوں عمران 'اکرم اور قسیم کی تلاش کے لئے پاک کر کے غوطہ خوروں کی خدمات بھی حاصل کی گئیں ہیں رات کے تک ان کی کوئی خبر نہیں ملی تھی۔ سر پیکر پولیس کا خیال ہے کہ گھنٹوں تک رہے ہیں۔

دی نڈز اسپلائیڈز یونین کا اکرمار فم کراچی (پ ر) دی نڈز اسپلائیڈز یونین (سی بی اے) نے دی نڈز کے مارکینگ ایگزیکٹو (سیلنٹ) تنظیم چوہدری کے انتقال پر شدید رنج و غم کا اکرمار کرتے ہوئے مردم کے لئے منگرت کی دعا کی ہے۔

March 25, 1998

تنظیم چوہدری کی جامد کے قبرستان میں تدفین کراچی (اتفاق رپورٹر) غوطہ کے منتظر ہر سالہ میں 33 موری ہ ڈوب کر جہاں جی ہوئے والے جامد کراچی شعبہ بنگالی کے ڈیڑمین کی لہروں چوہدری کے ساتھ زلمے تنظیم چوہدری کو جامد کے قبرستان میں سپرد خاک کر دیا گیا۔ محل ازیں ان کی نماز جنازہ مردم کے وفد کی لہروں چوہدری نے خود پڑھائی جس میں جامد کے واکس ہاٹل اور اساتذہ کے طاہرہ بیات اسلامی کراچی کے امیر لوت اللہ ایڈوکیٹ سیکریٹری فیض رقی احمد 'سیکریٹری اطلاعات شاد حسنی 'بیات اسلامی ضلع شری کے امیر رحیم احمد و دیگر نے بھی شرکت کی اسلامی جمیعت طلبہ کے رہنماؤں کا رکوں اور جامد کے طلبہ کی جی تھوڑے شرکت کی مردم تنظیم چوہدری ہدف سر کی لہروں چوہدری کے ہاٹل میں سب سے بڑے اور غیر شادی شدہ تھے وہ دو زبانہ دی نڈز کے شعبہ مارکینگ میں ملازم تھے۔

کراچی (اتفاق رپورٹر) غوطہ کے منتظر ہر سالہ میں 33 موری ہ ڈوب کر جہاں جی ہوئے والے جامد کراچی شعبہ بنگالی کے ڈیڑمین کی لہروں چوہدری کے ساتھ زلمے تنظیم چوہدری کو جامد کے قبرستان میں سپرد خاک کر دیا گیا۔ محل ازیں ان کی نماز جنازہ مردم کے وفد کی لہروں چوہدری نے خود پڑھائی جس میں جامد کے واکس ہاٹل اور اساتذہ کے طاہرہ بیات اسلامی کراچی کے امیر لوت اللہ ایڈوکیٹ سیکریٹری فیض رقی احمد 'سیکریٹری اطلاعات شاد حسنی 'بیات اسلامی ضلع شری کے امیر رحیم احمد و دیگر نے بھی شرکت کی اسلامی جمیعت طلبہ کے رہنماؤں کا رکوں اور جامد کے طلبہ کی جی تھوڑے شرکت کی مردم تنظیم چوہدری ہدف سر کی لہروں چوہدری کے ہاٹل میں سب سے بڑے اور غیر شادی شدہ تھے وہ دو زبانہ دی نڈز کے شعبہ مارکینگ میں ملازم تھے۔

ALBUM



Taneem in his boyhood at D-23.

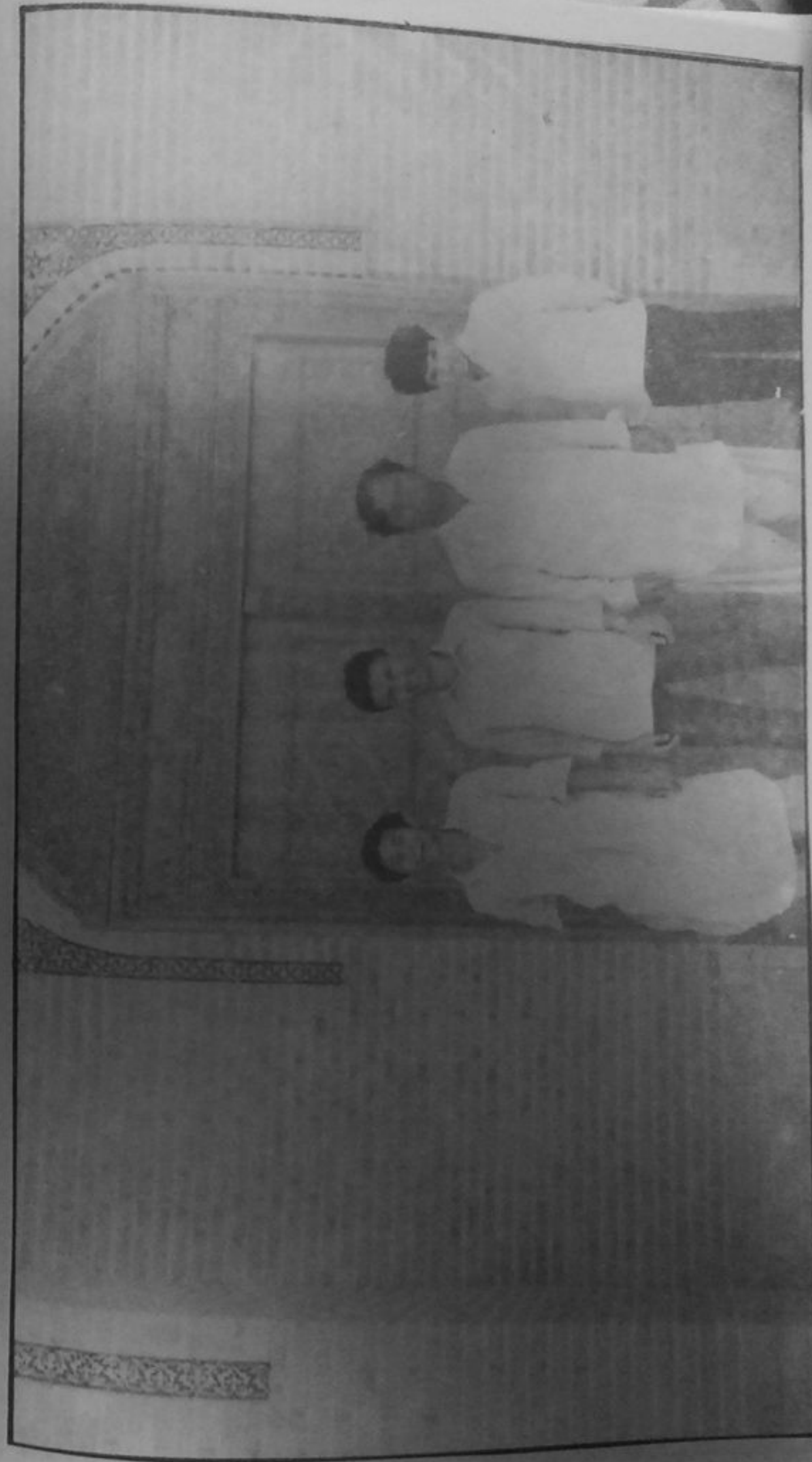


Taneem as a boy.
Left to right: Toba, Shahzad, Sadia, Aisha, Zishan, Taneem, Fatima.



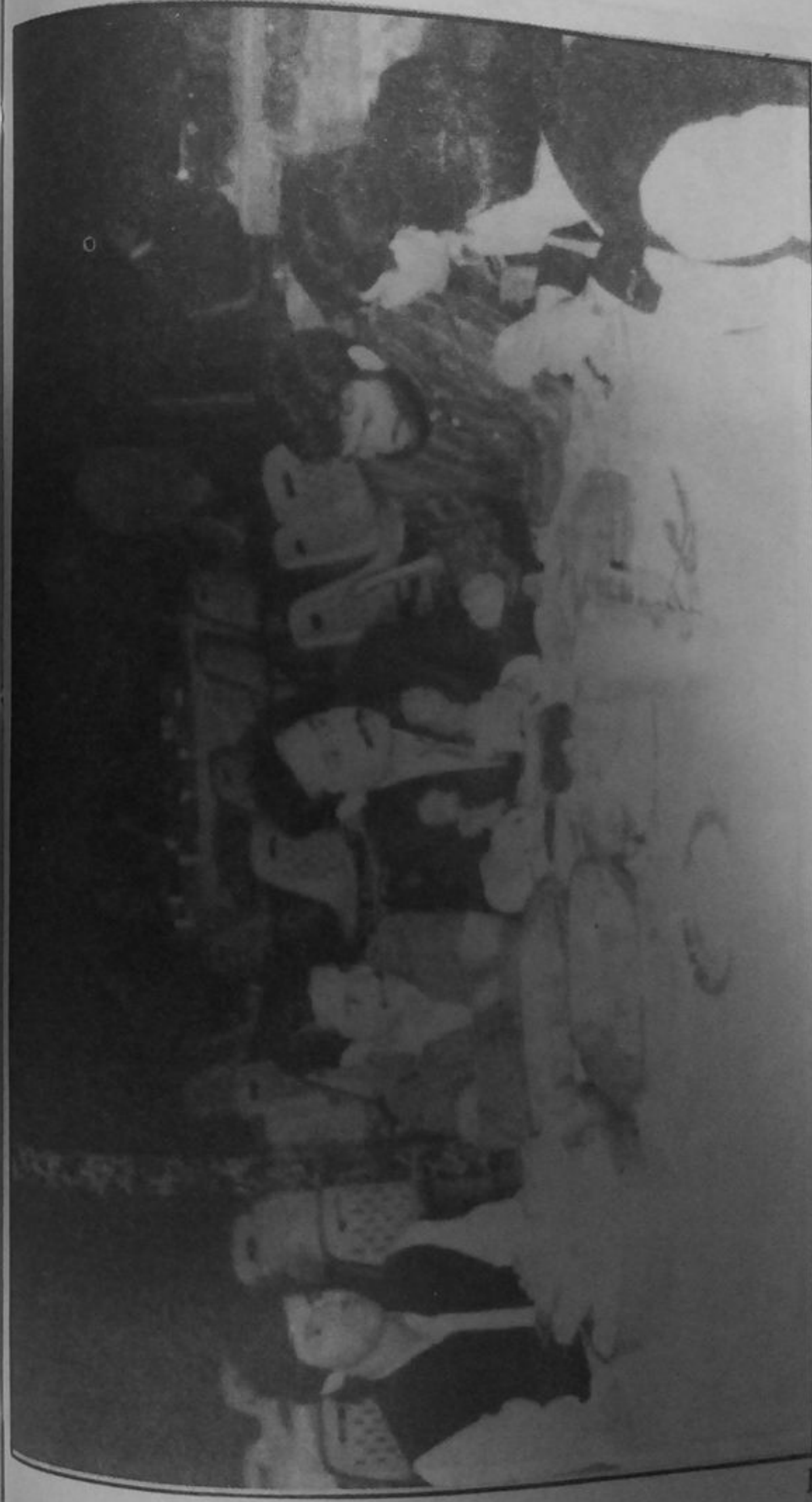
Taneem and his sister Saima Afroz.

At C-87, Staff Town Emran Arif, Taneem, Mumtaz Hashmi.

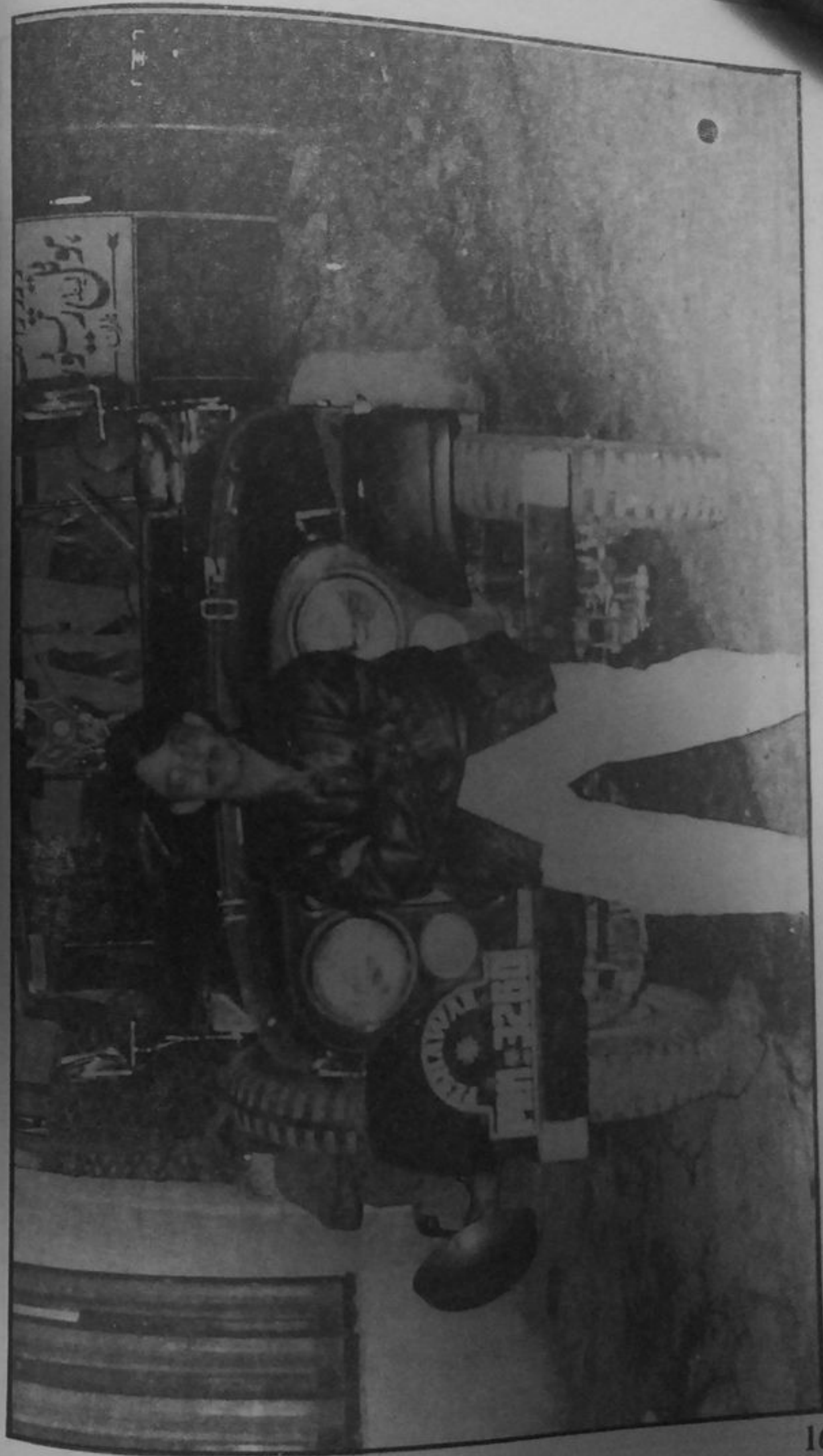


At Thatta Shahjahan Masjid on a school picnic:
Left to right: Mumtaz Hashmi, Mubashir Ahined, Prof. Dr. Fahimuddin, Taneem.

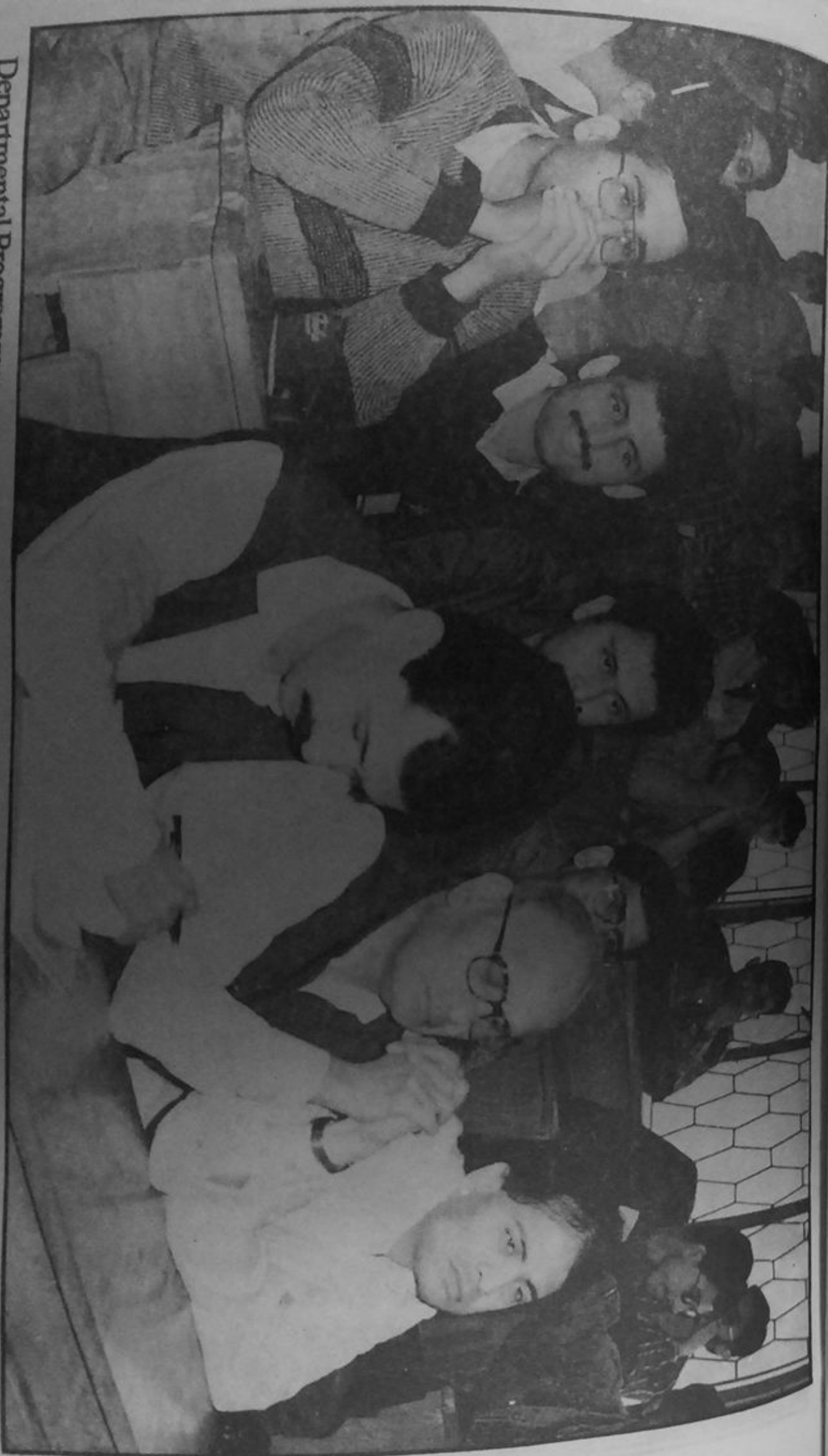
On the occasion of marriage ceremony of Munir Ahmed Khan, his uncle.
 Left to right: Rehan Arif, Mumtaz Hashmi, Taneem, name not known, Amir Rajput, Mahmud Riaz.



In the marriage ceremony of Rashid Hashmi who loved Taneem very much.
 Left to right: Asad, Taneem, Rashid Hashmi, Abdul Sami, Munawar and two others.



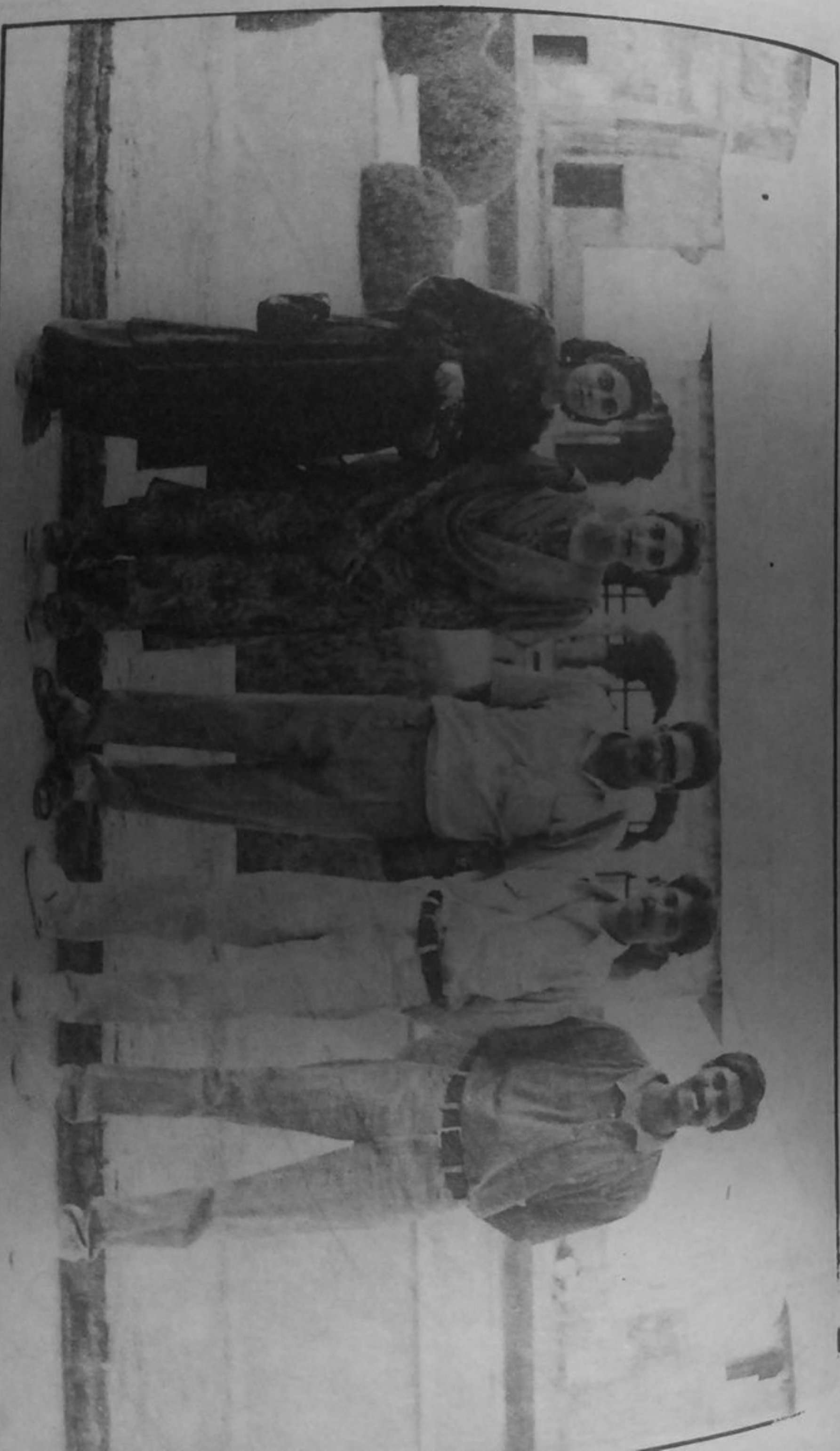
On a Tour while going to Kagan.



Departmental Programme:
Front line: (left to right) Mr. Salim Mughal, Professor Zakaria Sajid, Dr. Tahir Masood and class fellows.

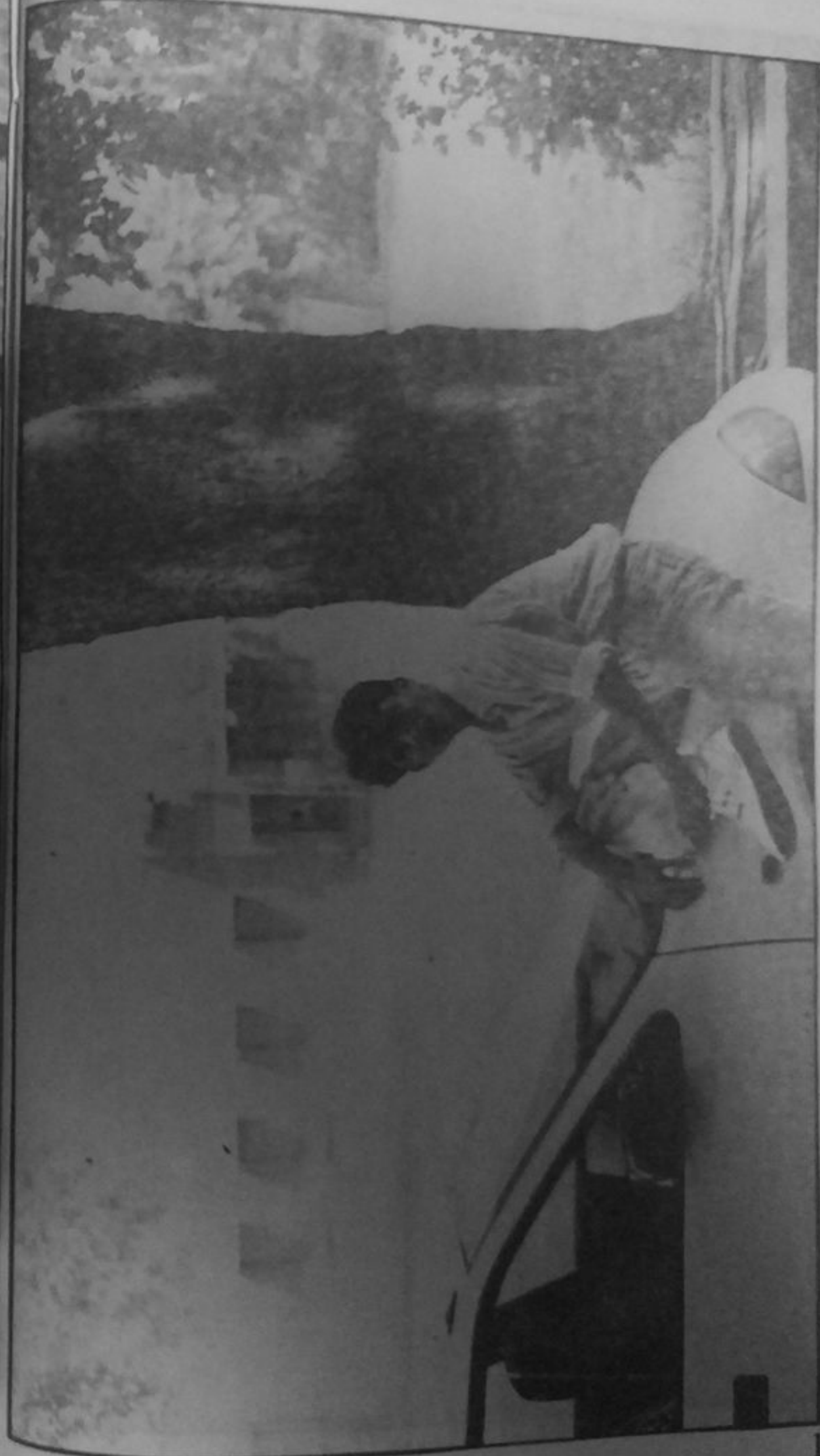


At Lahore:
Maqbara of Nur-Jahan.



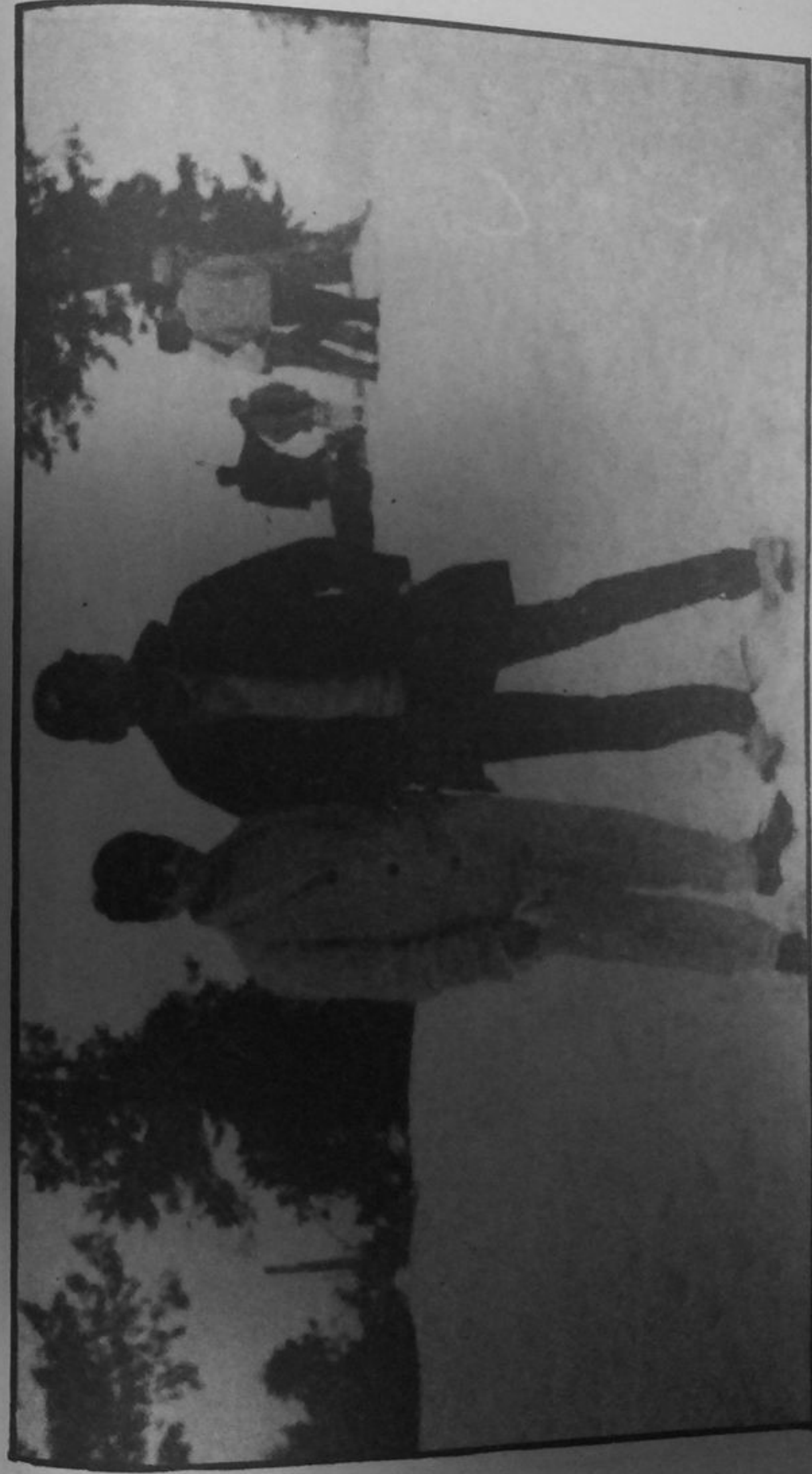
Maqbara of Mughal King Nuruddin Jahangir.
Left to right: Tow female students names not known, Mr. Sarwar Nasim, Tanecm, and Mahmud.

On a study tour of Lahore, (Left to right) Tancem, Professor Matinur Rahman Murtaza, a class fellow and Mr. Sarwar Nasim.



At Wagā border, 6th August, 1993. On Pakistan study tour as an M. A. Final year student.

At Saiful Mulk.



On a tour at Murree. Taneem and Mr Abu Tayyub Khan.

Kashmiri Muhajir camp and Tanceem.



At Kagan.

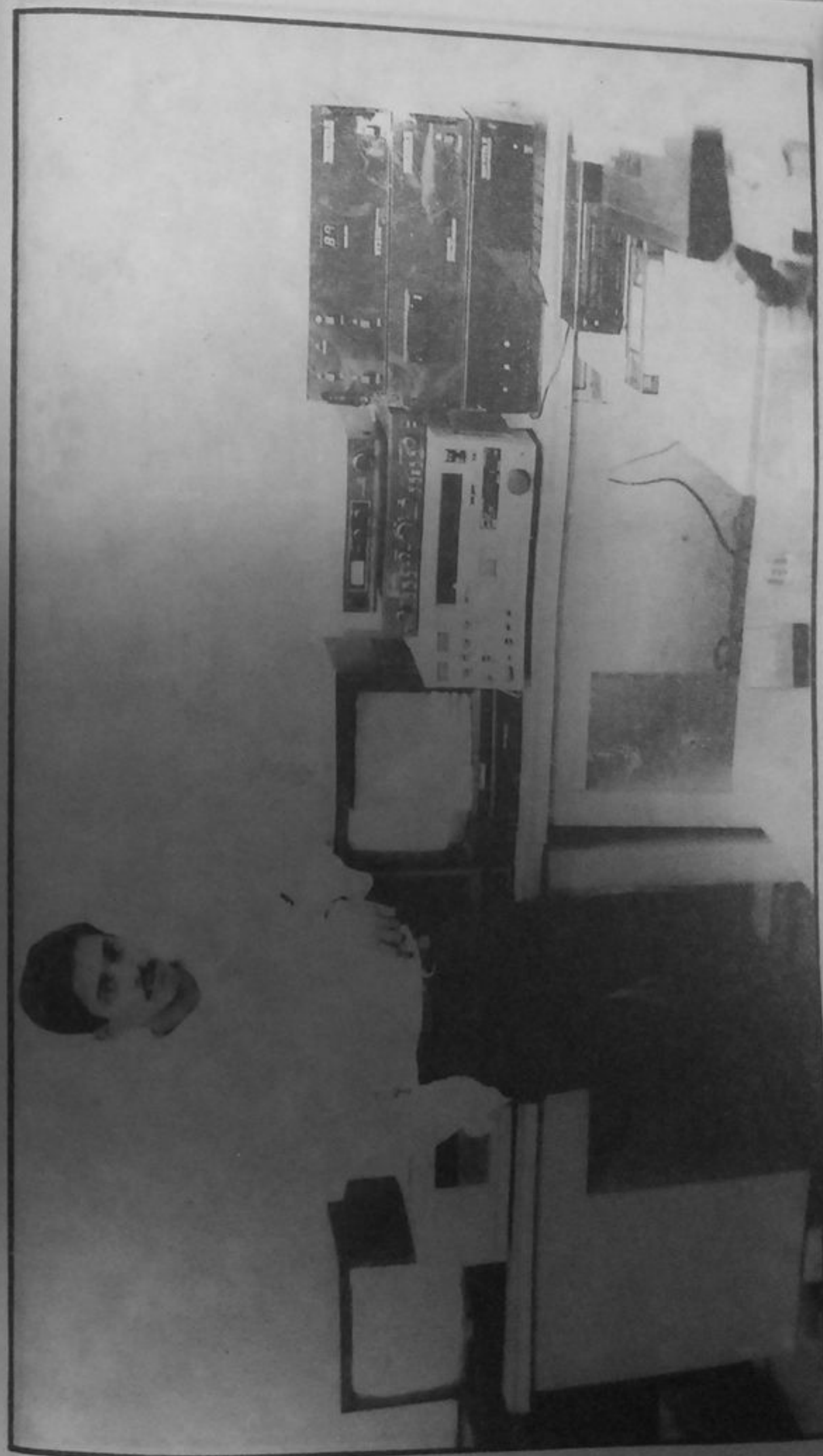


At Badshahi Masjid, Lahore, 6th August, 1993.



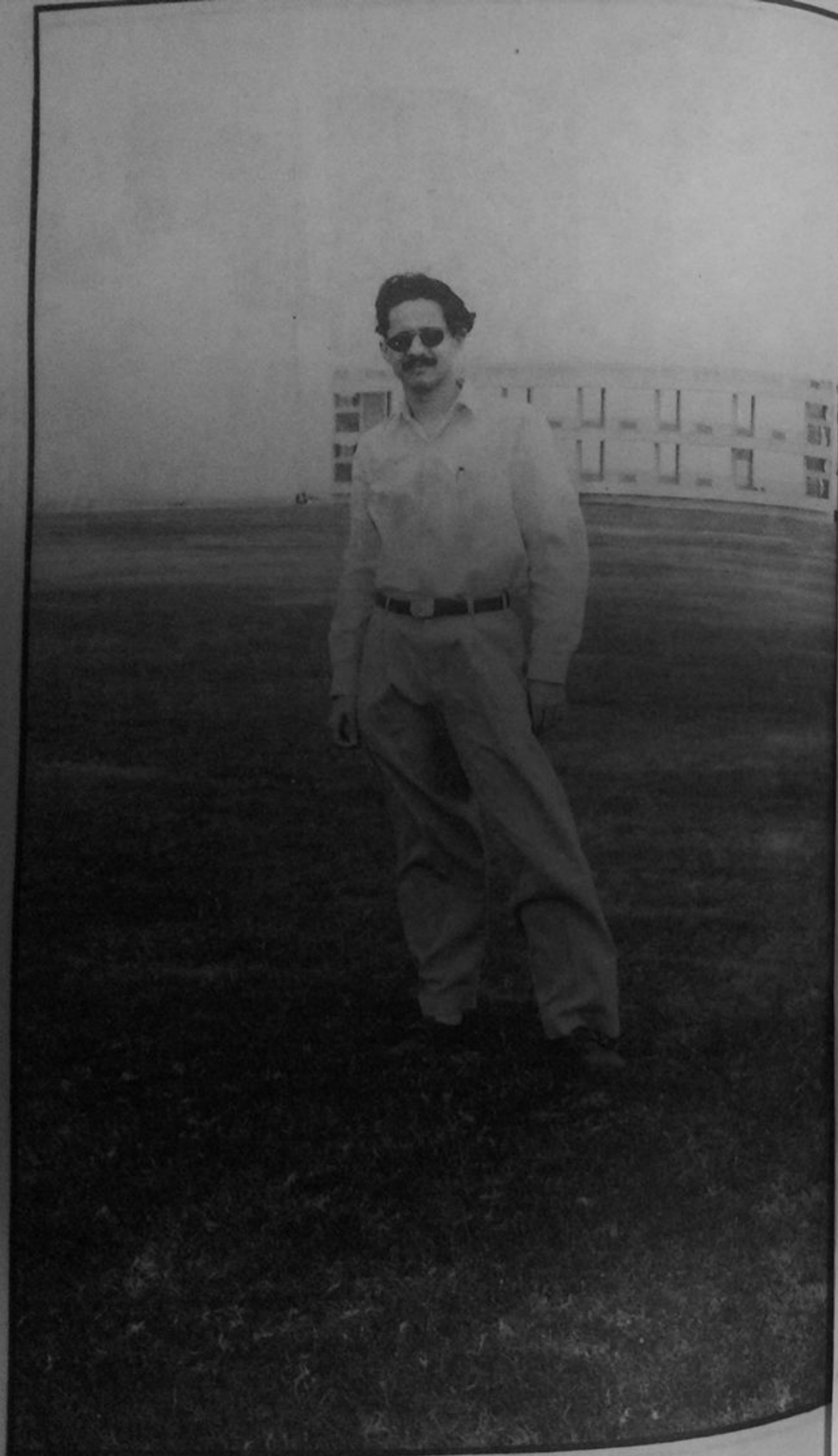
On a picnic: Mahmud Riaz, Taneem, Mahmud Ahmed Khan.

While working in an Advertising company.



Taneem Mohiuddin Chudhury, Daily Jang, 14-2-91.

While planing for advertising company.





Born on: 5 Dec. 1969

Matriculation: 1985, (D.M.H. Secondary School)

M.A.: 1994, Karachi University
(Mass Communications)

Work with: (i) CUBES Advertising Karachi,
Pakistan
(ii) Spectrum Communications
(pvt) Ltd.
(iii) Wahedna/D.M.B. & B (pvt) Ltd.
(iv) Daily Jang Karachi.
(v) The News Karachi.

Died on: Sunday 22nd March 1998.